

GOETHE

MODERN CLASSICS

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GOETHE.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

FAVORITE POEMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L.  
AND THEODORE MARTIN.

*ILLUSTRATED.*



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## GOETHE.

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**V**IEWED in his merely external relations, Goethe exhibits an appearance such as seldom occurs in the history of letters, and indeed, from the nature of the case, can seldom occur. A man who, in early life, rising almost at a single bound into the highest reputation over all Europe ; by gradual advances, fixing himself more and more firmly in the reverence of his countrymen, ascends silently through many vicissitudes to the supreme intellectual place among them ; and now, after half a century, distinguished by convulsions, political, moral, and poetical, still reigns, full of years and honors, with a soft undisputed sway ; still laboring in his vocation, still forwarding, as with kingly benignity, whatever can profit the culture of his nation : such a man might justly attract our notice, were it only by the singularity of

his fortune. Supremacies of this sort are rare in modern times ; so universal, and of such continuance, they are almost unexampled. For the age of the prophets and theologic doctors has long since passed away ; and now it is by much slighter, by transient and mere earthly ties, that bodies of men connect themselves with a man. The wisest, most melodious voice cannot, in these days, pass for a divine one ; the word Inspiration still lingers, but only in the shape of a poetic figure, from which the once earnest, awful, and soul-subduing sense has vanished without return. The polity of literature is called a republic ; oftener it is an anarchy, where, by strength or fortune, favorite after favorite rises into splendor and authority, but like Masaniello, while judging the people, is on the ninth day deposed and shot. Nay, few such adventurers can attain even this painful pre-eminence : for at most, it is clear, any given age can have but one first man ; many ages have only a crowd of secondary men, each of whom is first in his own eyes : and seldom, at best, can the "single person" long keep his station at the head of this wild commonwealth ; most sovereigns are never universally acknowledged, least of all in their lifetime ; few of the acknowledged can reign peaceably to the end.

Of such a perpetual dictatorship Voltaire

among the French gives the last European instance ; but even with him it was perhaps a much less striking affair. Voltaire reigned over a sect, less as their lawgiver than as their general ; for he was at bitter enmity with the great numerical majority of his nation, by whom his services, far from being acknowledged as benefits, were execrated as abominations. But Goethe's object has, at all times, been rather to unite than to divide ; and though he has not scrupled, as occasion served, to speak forth his convictions distinctly enough on many delicate topics, and seems, in general, to have paid little court to the prejudices or private feelings of any man or body of men, we see not at present that his merits are anywhere disputed, his intellectual endeavors controverted, or his person regarded otherwise than with affection and respect. In later years, too, the advanced age of the poet has invested him with another sort of dignity ; and the admiration to which his great qualities give him claim is tempered into a milder, grateful feeling, almost as of sons and grandsons to their common father. Dissentients, no doubt, there are and must be ; but, apparently, their cause is not pleaded in words : no man of the smallest note speaks on that side ; or at most, such men may question, not the worth of Goethe, but the cant and idle affectation

with which, in many quarters, this must be promulgated and bepraised. Certainly there is not, probably there never was, in any European country, a writer who, with so cunning a style, and so deep, so abstruse a sense, ever found so many readers. For, from the peasant to the king, from the callow dilettante and inamorato, to the grave transcendental philosopher, men of all degrees and dispositions are familiar with the writings of Goethe ; each studies them with affection, with a faith which, "where it cannot unriddle, learns to trust" ; each takes with him what he is adequate to carry, and departs thankful for his own allotment. Two of Goethe's intensest admirers are Schelling of Munich and a worthy friend of ours in Berlin ; one of these among the deepest men in Europe, the other among the shallowest.

All this is, no doubt, singular enough ; and a proper understanding of it would throw light on many things. Whatever we may think of Goethe's ascendancy, the existence of it remains a highly curious fact ; and to trace its history, to discover by what steps such influence has been attained, and how so long preserved, were no trivial or unprofitable inquiry. It would be worth while to see so strange a man for his own sake, and here we should see, not only the man himself, and his own progress and spiritual devel-



opment, but the progress also of his nation : and this at no sluggish or even quiet era, but in times marked by strange revolutions of opinions, by angry controversies, high enthusiasm, novelty of enterprise, and doubtless, in many respects, by rapid advancement : for that the Germans have been, and still are, restlessly struggling forward, with honest, unwearied effort, sometimes with enviable success, no one, who knows them, will deny ; and as little, that in every province of literature, of art and humane accomplishment, the influence, often the direct guidance, of Goethe may be recognized. The history of his mind is, in fact, at the same time, the history of German culture in his day : for whatever excellence this individual might realize has sooner or later been acknowledged and appropriated by his country ; and the title of *Musagetes*, which his admirers give him, is perhaps, in sober strictness, not unmerited. Be it for good or for evil, there is certainly no German, since the days of Luther, whose life can occupy so large a space in the intellectual history of that people.

It would appear, then, that for inquirers into foreign literature, for all men anxious to see and understand the European world as it lies around them, a great problem is presented in this Goethe ; a singular, highly

significant phenomenon, and now also means more or less complete for ascertaining its significance. A man of wonderful, nay, unexampled reputation and intellectual influence among forty millions of reflective, serious, and cultivated men, invites us to study him ; and to determine for ourselves, whether and how far such influence has been salutary, such reputation merited. That this call will one day be answered, that Goethe will be seen and judged of in his real character among us, appears certain enough. His name, long familiar everywhere, has now awakened the attention of critics in all European countries to his works : he is studied wherever true study exists : eagerly studied even in France ; nay, some considerable knowledge of his nature and spiritual importance seems already to prevail there.

For ourselves, meanwhile, in giving all due weight to so curious an exhibition of opinion, it is doubtless our part, at the same time, to beware that we do not give it too much. This universal sentiment of admiration is wonderful, is interesting enough ; but it must not lead us astray. We English stand as yet without the sphere of it ; neither will we plunge blindly in, but enter considerately, or, if we see good, keep aloof from it altogether. Fame, we may understand, is no sure test of merit, but only a probability of

such : it is an accident, not a property, of a man ; like light, it can give little or nothing, but at most may show what is given ; often it is but a false glare, dazzling the eyes of the vulgar, lending by casual extrinsic splendor the brightness and manifold glance of the diamond to pebbles of no value. A man is in all cases simply *the* man, of the same intrinsic worth and weakness, whether his worth and weakness lie hidden in the depths of his own consciousness, or be betrumpeted and beshouted from end to end of the habitable globe. These are plain truths, which no one should lose sight of ; though, whether in love or in anger, for praise or for condemnation, most of us are too apt to forget them. But least of all can it become the critic to “follow a multitude to do evil,” even when that evil is excess of admiration : on the contrary, it will behoove him to lift up his voice, how feeble soever, how unheeded soever, against the common delusion ; from which, if he can save, or help to save, any mortal, his endeavors will have been repaid.

With these things in some measure before us, we must remind our readers of another influence at work in this affair, and one acting, as we think, in the contrary direction. That pitiful enough desire for “originality,” which lurks and acts in all minds, will rather, we imagine, lead the critic of foreign litera-

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ture to adopt the negative than the affirmative with regard to Goethe. If a writer indeed feel that he is writing for England alone, invisibly and inaudibly to the rest of the earth, the temptations may be pretty equally balanced ; if he write for some small conclave, which he mistakenly thinks the representative of England, they may sway this way or that, as it chances. But writing in such isolated spirit is no longer possible. Traffic, with its swift ships, is uniting all nations into one ; Europe at large is becoming more and more one public ; and in this public the voices for Goethe, compared with those against him, are in the proportion, as we reckon them, both as to the number and value, of perhaps a hundred to one. We take in, not Germany alone, but France and Italy ; not the Schlegels and Schellings, but the Manzonis and De Staëls. The bias of originality, therefore, may lie to the side of censure ; and whoever among us shall step forward, with such knowledge as our common critics have of Goethe, to enlighten the European public, by contradiction in this matter, displays a heroism which, in estimating his other merits, ought nowise to be forgotten.

Our own view of the case coincides, we confess, in some degree with that of the majority. We reckon that Goethe's fame has, to a considerable extent, been deserved ;

that his influence has been of high benefit to his own country ; nay, more, that it promises to be of benefit to us, and to all other nations. The essential grounds of this opinion, which to explain minutely were a long, indeed boundless task, we may state without many words. We find then in Goethe an artist, in the high and ancient meaning of that term ; in the meaning which it may have borne long ago among the masters of Italian painting, and the fathers of poetry in England ; we say that we trace in the creations of this man, belonging in every sense to our own time, some touches of that old, divine spirit, which had long passed away from among us, nay, which, as has often been laboriously demonstrated, was not to return to this world any more.

Or perhaps we come nearer our meaning, if we say that in Goethe we discover by far the most striking instance, in our time, of a writer who is, in strict speech, what philosophy can call a man. He is neither noble nor plebeian, neither liberal nor servile, nor infidel nor devotee ; but the best excellence of *all* these, joined in pure union ; “a clear and universal *man*.” Goethe’s poetry is no separate faculty, no mental handicraft ; but the voice of the whole harmonious manhood : nay, it is the very harmony, the living and life-giving harmony of that rich manhood



which forms his poetry. All good men may be called poets in act or in word ; all good poets are so in both. But Goethe besides appears to us as a person of that deep endowment and gifted vision, of that experience also and sympathy in the ways of all men, which qualify him to stand forth, not only as the literary ornament, but in many respects too as the teacher and exemplar of his age. For, to say nothing of his natural gifts, he has cultivated himself and his art, he has studied how to live and to write, with a fidelity, an unwearied earnestness, of which there is no other living instance ; of which, among British poets especially, Wordsworth alone offers any resemblance. And this in our view is the result : To our minds, in these soft, melodious imaginations of his there is embodied the wisdom which is proper to this time ; the beautiful, the religious wisdom, which may still, with something of its old impressiveness, speak to the whole soul ; still, in these hard, unbelieving utilitarian days, reveal to us glimpses of the unseen but not unreal world, that so the actual and the ideal may again meet together, and clear knowledge be again wedded to religion in the life and business of men.

Such is our conviction or persuasion with regard to the poetry of Goethe. Could we demonstrate this opinion to be true, could we

even exhibit it with that degree of clearness and consistency which it has attained in our own thoughts, Goethe were, on our part, sufficiently recommended to the best attention of all thinking men. But, unhappily, it is not a subject susceptible of demonstration : the merits and characteristics of a poet are not to be set forth by logic ; but to be gathered by personal, and as in this case it must be, by deep and careful inspection of his works. Nay, Goethe's world is every way so different from ours ; it costs us such effort, we have so much to remember, and so much to forget, before we can transfer ourselves in any measure into his peculiar point of vision, that a right study of him, for an Englishman, even of ingenuous, open, inquisitive mind, becomes unusually difficult ; for a fixed, decided, contemptuous Englishman, next to impossible. To a reader of the first class, helps may be given, explanations will remove many a difficulty ; beauties that lay hidden may be made apparent ; and directions, adapted to his actual position, will at length guide him into the proper track for such an inquiry. All this, however, must be a work of progression and detail. To do our part in it, from time to time, must rank among the best duties of an English Foreign Review. Meanwhile, our present endeavor limits itself within far narrower bounds. We cannot

aim to make Goethe known, but only to prove that he is worthy of being known ; at most, to point out, as it were afar off, the path by which some knowledge of him may be obtained. A slight glance at his general literary character and procedure, and one or two of his chief productions which throw light on these, must for the present suffice.

A French diplomatic personage, contemplating Goethe's physiognomy, is said to have observed : *Voilà un homme qui a eu beaucoup de chagrins*. A truer version of the matter, Goethe himself seems to think, would have been : Here is a man who has struggled toughly ; who has *es sich recht sauer werden lassen*. Goethe's life, whether as a writer and thinker, or as a living active man, has indeed been a life of effort, of earnest toilsome endeavor after all excellence. Accordingly, his intellectual progress, his spiritual and moral history, as it may be gathered from his successive works, furnishes, with us, no small portion of the pleasure and profit we derive from perusing them. Participating deeply in all the influences of his age, he has from the first, at every new epoch, stood forth to elucidate the new circumstances of the time ; to offer the instruction, the solace, which that time required. His literary life divides itself into two portions widely different in character : the products of the first,

once so new and original, have long, either directly or through the thousand thousand imitations of them, been familiar to us ; with the products of the second, equally original, and in our day far more precious, we are yet little acquainted. These two classes of works stand curiously related with each other ; at first view, in strong contradiction, yet, in truth, connected together by the strictest sequence. For Goethe has not only suffered and mourned in bitter agony under the spiritual perplexities of his time ; but he has also mastered these, he is above them, and has shown others how to rise above them. At one time we found him in darkness, and now he is in light ; he was once an unbeliever, and now he is a believer ; and he believes, moreover, not by denying his unbelief, but by following it out ; not by stopping short, still less turning back, in his inquiries, but by resolutely prosecuting them. This, it appears to us, is a case of singular interest, and rarely exemplified, if at all, elsewhere, in these our days. How has this man, to whom the world once offered nothing but blackness, denial, and despair, attained to that better vision which now shows it to him not tolerable only, but full of solemnity and loveliness ? How has the belief of a saint been united in this high and true mind with the clearness of a sceptic ; the devout spirit of a Fénelon made

to blend in soft harmony with the gayety, the sarcasm, the shrewdness of a Voltaire !

Goethe's two earliest works are *Götz von Berlichingen* and the *Sorrows of Werter*. The boundless influence and popularity they gained, both at home and abroad, is well known. It was they that established almost at once his literary fame in his own country ; and even determined his subsequent private history, for they brought him into contact with the Duke of Weimar ; in connection with whom, the poet, engaged in manifold duties, political as well as literary, has lived for fifty-four years, and still, in honorable retirement, continues to live.\* Their effects over Europe at large were not less striking than in Germany.

“It would be difficult,” observes a writer on this subject, “to name two books which have exercised a deeper influence on the subsequent literature of Europe than these two performances of a young author ; his first-fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year. *Werter* appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually

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\* Since the above was written, that worthy prince, — worthy, we have understood in all respects, exemplary in whatever concerned literature and the arts, — has been called suddenly away. He died on his road from Berlin, near Torgau, on the 24th of June, 1828.



happens, too, this same word, once uttered, was soon abundantly repeated ; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all notes of the gamut, till the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide, and desperation became the staple of literary ware ; and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it reappeared with various modifications in other countries, and everywhere abundant traces of its good and bad effects are still to be discerned. The fortune of *Berlichingen with the Iron Hand*, though less sudden, was by no means less exalted. In his own country *Götz*, though he now stands solitary and childless, became the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalry plays, feudal delineations, and poetico-antiquarian performances ; which, though long ago deceased, made noise enough in their day and generation : and with ourselves his influence has been perhaps still more remarkable. Sir Walter Scott's first literary enterprise was a translation of *Götz von Berlichingen* ; and, if genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, with all that has followed from the same creative hand. Truly, a grain of seed that has lighted on the right soil ! For if not firmer, and fairer, it has grown to be taller and broader than any other tree ; and all the nations of the earth are still yearly gathering of its fruit.

“But, overlooking these spiritual genealogies, which bring little certainty and little profit, it

may be sufficient to observe of *Berlichingen* and *Werter*, that they stand prominent among the causes, or, at the very least, among the signals of a great change in modern literature. The former directed men's attention with a new force to the picturesque effect of the past; and the latter, for the first time, attempted the more accurate delineation of a class of feelings deeply important to modern minds, but for which our elder poetry offered no exponent, and perhaps could offer none, because they are feelings that arise from passion incapable of being converted into action, and belong chiefly to an age as indolent, cultivated, and unbelieving as our own. This, notwithstanding the dash of falsehood which may exist in *Werter* itself, and the boundless delirium of extravagance which it called forth in others, is a high praise which cannot justly be denied it. The English reader ought also to understand that our current version of *Werter* is mutilated and inaccurate: it comes to us through the all-subduing medium of the French, shorn of its caustic strength, with its melancholy rendered maudlin, its hero reduced from the stately gloom of a broken-hearted poet to the tearful wrangling of a dyspeptic tailor."

To the same dark wayward mood, which, in *Werter*, pours itself forth in bitter wailings over human life; and, in *Berlichingen*, appears as a fond and sad looking back into the past, belong various other productions of

Goethe's ; for example, the *Mitschuldigen*, and the first idea of *Faust*, which, however, was not realized in actual composition till a calmer period of his history. Of this early harsh and crude yet fervid and genial period *Werter* may stand here as the representative ; and, viewed in its external and internal relation, will help to illustrate both the writer and the public he was writing for.

At the present day, it would be difficult for us, satisfied, nay, sated to nausea, as we have been with the doctrines of sentimentality, to estimate the boundless interest which *Werter* must have excited when first given to the world. It was then new in all senses ; it was wonderful, yet wished for, both in its own country and in every other. The literature of Germany had as yet but partially awakened from its long torpor : deep learning, deep reflection, have at no time been wanting there ; but the creative spirit had for above a century been almost extinct. Of late, however, the Ramlers, Rabeners, Gellerts, had attained to no inconsiderable polish of style ; Klopstock's *Messias* had called forth the admiration, and perhaps still more the pride, of the country, as a piece of art ; a high enthusiasm was abroad ; Lessing had roused the minds of men to a deeper and truer interest in literature, had even decidedly begun to introduce a heartier, warmer,

and more expressive style. The Germans were on the alert ; in expectation, or at least in full readiness, for some far bolder impulse ; waiting for the poet that might speak to them from the heart to the heart. It was in Goethe that such a poet was to be given them.

Nay, the literature of other countries, placid, self-satisfied as they might seem, was in an equally expectant condition. Everywhere, as in Germany, there was polish and languor, external glitter and internal vacuity ; it was not fire, but a picture of fire, at which no soul could be warmed. Literature had sunk from its former vocation : it no longer held the mirror up to Nature ; no longer reflected, in many-colored expressive symbols, the actual passions, the hopes, sorrows, joys of living men ; but dwelt in a remote conventional world, in *Castles of Otranto*, in *Epigoniads* and *Leonidas*, among clear, metallic heroes, and white, high, stainless beauties, in whom the drapery and elocution were nowise the least important qualities. Men thought it right that the heart should swell into magnanimity with Caractacus and Cato, and melt into sorrow with many an Eliza and Adelaide ; but the heart was in no haste either to swell or to melt. Some pulses of heroical sentiment, a few *unnatural* tears might, with conscientious readers, be actually squeezed

forth on such occasions : but they came only from the surface of the mind ; nay, had the conscientious man considered of the matter, he would have found that they ought not to have come at all. Our only English poet of the period was Goldsmith ; a pure, clear, genuine spirit, had he been of depth or strength sufficient : his *Vicar of Wakefield* remains the best of all modern idyls ; but it is and was nothing more. And consider our leading writers ; consider the poetry of Gray, and the prose of Johnson. The first a laborious mosaic, through the hard stiff lineaments of which little life or true grace could be expected to look : real feeling, and all freedom of expressing it, are sacrificed to pomp, to cold splendor ; for vigor we have a certain mouthing vehemence, too elegant indeed to be tumid, yet essentially foreign to the heart, and seen to extend no deeper than the mere voice and gestures. Were it not for his *Letters*, which are full of warm exuberant power, we might almost doubt whether Gray was a man of genius ; nay, was a living man at all, and not rather some thousand-times more cunningly devised poetical turning-loom, than that of Swift's Philosophers in Laputa. Johnson's prose is true, indeed, and sound, and full of practical sense : few men have seen more clearly into the motives, the interests, the whole walk and conversa-

tion of the living busy world as it lay before him ; but farther than this busy, and, to most of us, rather prosaic world, he seldom looked : his instruction is for men of business, and in regard to matters of business alone. Prudence is the highest virtue he can inculcate ; and for that finer portion of our nature, that portion of it which belongs essentially to literature strictly so called, where our highest feelings, our best joys and keenest sorrows, our doubt, our love, our religion, reside, he has no word to utter ; no remedy, no counsel to give us in our straits ; or at most, if, like poor Boswell, the patient is importunate, will answer : “ My dear sir, endeavor to clear your mind of cant.”

The turn which philosophical speculation had taken in the preceding age corresponded with this tendency, and enhanced its narcotic influences, or was, indeed, properly speaking, the root they had sprung from. Locke, himself a clear, humble-minded, patient, reverent, nay, religious man, had paved the way for banishing religion from the world. Mind, by being modelled in men’s imaginations into a shape, a visibility ; and reasoned of as if it had been some composite, divisible, and reunifiable substance, some finer chemical salt, or curious piece of logical joinery, — began to lose its immaterial, mysterious, divine though invisible character : it was tacitly

figured as something that might, were our organs fine enough, be *seen*. Yet, who had ever seen it? Who could ever see it? Thus by degrees it passed into a doubt, a relation, some faint possibility; and at last into a highly probable nonentity. Following Locke's footsteps, the French had discovered that "as the stomach secretes chyle, so does the brain secrete thought." And what then was religion, what was poetry, what was all high and heroic feeling? Chiefly a delusion; often a false and pernicious one. Poetry, indeed, was still to be preserved; because poetry was a useful thing: men needed amusement, and loved to amuse themselves with poetry: the playhouse was a pretty lounge of an evening; then there were so many precepts, satirical, didactic, so much more impressive for the rhyme; to say nothing of your occasional verses, birthday odes, epithalamiums, epicediums, by which "the dream of existence may be so considerably sweetened and embellished." Nay, does not poetry, acting on the imaginations of men, excite them to daring purposes; sometimes, as in the case of Tyrtæus, to fight better; in which wise may it not rank as a useful stimulant to man, along with opium and Scotch whiskey, the manufacture of which is allowed by law? In Heaven's name, then, let poetry be preserved.

With religion, however, it fared somewhat worse. In the eyes of Voltaire and his disciples, religion was a superfluity, indeed a nuisance. Here, it is true, his followers have since found that he went too far ; that religion, being a great sanction to civil morality, is of use for keeping society in order, at least the lower classes, who have not the feeling of honor in due force ; and therefore, as a considerable help to the constable and hangman, *ought* decidedly to be kept up. But such toleration is the fruit only of later days. In those times there was no question but how to get rid of it, root and branch, the sooner the better. A gleam of zeal, nay, we will call it, however basely alloyed, a glow of real enthusiasm and love of truth, may have animated the minds of these men, as they looked abroad on the pestilent jungle of superstition, and hoped to clear the earth of it forever. This little glow, so alloyed, so contaminated with pride and other poor or bad admixtures, was the last which thinking men were to experience in Europe for a time. So is it always in regard to religious belief, how degraded and defaced soever : the delight of the destroyer and denier is no pure delight, and must soon pass away. With bold, with skilful hand, Voltaire set his torch to the jungle : it blazed aloft to heaven, and the flame exhilarated and comforted the incen-



diaries ; but, unhappily, such comfort could not continue. Erelong this flame, with its cheerful light and heat, was gone : the jungle, it is true, had been consumed ; but, with its entanglements, its shelter and its spots of verdure also ; and the black, chill, ashy swamp, left in its stead, seemed for a time a greater evil than the other.

In such a state of painful obstruction, extending itself everywhere over Europe, and already master of Germany, lay the general mind, when Goethe first appeared in literature. Whatever belonged to the finer nature of man had withered under the harmattan breath of doubt, or passed away in the conflagration of open infidelity ; and now, where the tree of life once bloomed and brought fruit of goodliest savor, there was only barrenness and desolation. To such as could find sufficient interest in the day-labor and day-wages of earthly existence ; in the resources of the five bodily senses, and of vanity, the only mental sense which yet flourished, which flourished indeed with gigantic vigor, matters were still not so bad. Such men helped themselves forward, as they will generally do ; and found the world, if not an altogether proper sphere (for every man, disguise it as he may, has a *soul* in him), at least a tolerable enough place ; where, by one item and another, some comfort, or show

of comfort, might from time to time be got up, and these few years, especially since they were so few, be spent without much murmuring. But to men afflicted with the "malady of thought" some devoutness of temper was an inevitable heritage : to such the noisy forum of the world could appear but an empty, altogether insufficient concern ; and the whole scene of life had become hopeless enough. Unhappily, such feelings are yet by no means so infrequent with ourselves that we need stop here to depict them. That state of unbelief from which the Germans do seem to be in some measure delivered still presses with incubus force on the greater part of Europe ; and nation after nation, each in its own way, feels that the first of all moral problems is how to cast it off, or how to rise above it. Governments naturally attempt the first expedient ; philosophers, in general, the second.

The poet, says Schiller, is a citizen not only of his country, but of his time. Whatever occupies and interests men in general will interest him still more. That nameless unrest, the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, that high, sad, longing discontent, which was agitating every bosom, had driven Goethe almost to despair. All felt it ; he alone could give it voice. And here lies the secret of his popularity ; in his deep, susceptible heart, he

felt a thousand times more keenly what every one was feeling ; with the creative gift which belonged to him as a poet he bodied it forth into visible shape, gave it a local habitation and a name ; and so made himself the spokesman of his generation. *Werter* is but the cry of that dim, rooted pain, under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing : it paints the misery, it passionately utters the complaint ; and heart and voice, all over Europe, loudly and at once respond to it. True, it prescribes no remedy ; for that was a far different, far harder enterprise, to which other years and a higher culture were required ; but even this utterance of the pain, even this little, for the present, is ardently grasped at, and with eager sympathy appropriated in every bosom. If Byron's life-weariness, his moody melancholy, and mad stormful indignation, borne on the tones of a wild and quite artless melody, could pierce so deep into many a British heart, now that the whole matter is no longer new, — is indeed old and trite, — we may judge with what vehement acceptance this *Werter* must have been welcomed, coming as it did like a voice from unknown regions ; the first thrilling peal of that impassioned dirge, which, in country after country, men's ears have listened to till they were deaf to all else. For *Werter*, infusing itself into the core and whole spirit

of literature, gave birth to a race of sentimentalists who have raged and wailed in every part of the world ; till better light dawned on them, or at worst, exhausted Nature laid herself to sleep, and it was discovered that lamenting was an unproductive labor. These funereal choristers, in Germany a loud, haggard, tumultuous, as well as tearful class, were named the *Kraftmänner*, or power-men ; but have all long since, like sick children, cried themselves to rest.

Byron was our English sentimentalist and power-man ; the strongest of his kind in Europe ; the wildest, the gloomiest, and it may be hoped the last. For what good is it to “ whine, put finger i’ the eye, and sob,” in such a case ? Still more, to snarl and snap in malignant wise, “ like dog distract, or monkey sick ” ? Why should we quarrel with our existence, here as it lies before us, our field and inheritance, to make or to mar, for better or for worse ; in which, too, so many noblest men have, ever from the beginning, warring with the very evils we war with, both made and been what will be venerated to all time ?

“ What shapest thou here at the World ? ’Tis  
shapen long ago ;  
The Maker shaped it, *he* thought it best even so.  
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest ;  
Thy journey’s begun, thou must move and not  
rest ;

For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,  
And running, not raging, will win thee the race."

Meanwhile, of the philosophy which reigns in *Werter*, and which it has been our lot to hear so often repeated elsewhere, we may here produce a short specimen. The following passage will serve our turn ; and be, if we mistake not, new to the mere English reader :

"That the life of man is but a dream, has come into many a head ; and with me, too, some feeling of that sort is ever at work. When I look upon the limits within which man's powers of action and inquiry are hemmed in ; when I see how all effort issues simply in procuring supply for wants, which again have no object but continuing this poor existence of ours ; and then, that all satisfaction on certain points of inquiry is but a dreaming resignation, while you paint, with many-colored figures and gay prospects, the walls you sit imprisoned by, — all this, Wilhelm, makes me dumb. I return to my own heart, and find there such a world ! Yet a world, too, more in forecast and dim desire, than in vision and living power. And then all swims before my mind's eye ; and so I smile, and again go dreaming on as others do.

"That children know not what they want, all conscientious tutors and education-philosophers have long been agreed : but that full-grown men, as well as children, stagger to and

fro along this earth ; like these, not knowing whence they come or whither they go ; aiming, just as little, after true objects ; governed just as well by biscuit, cakes and birchrods : this is what no one likes to believe ; and yet it seems to me the fact is lying under our very nose.

“ I will confess to thee, for I know what thou wouldst say to me on this point, that those are the happiest, who, like children, live from one day to the other, carrying their dolls about with them, to dress and undress ; gliding also, with the highest respect, before the drawer where mamma has locked the gingerbread ; and, when they do get the wished-for morsel, devouring it with pulled-out cheeks, and crying, More ! — these are the fortunate of the earth. Well is it likewise with those who can label their rag-gathering employments, or perhaps their passions, with pompous titles, and represent them to mankind as gigantic undertakings for its welfare and salvation. Happy the man who can live in such wise ! But he who, in his humility, observes where all this issues, who sees how featly any small thriving citizen can trim his patch of garden into a Paradise, and with what unbroken heart even the unhappy crawls along under his burden, and all are alike ardent to see the light of this sun but one minute longer ; — yes, he is silent, and he too forms his world out of himself, and he too is happy because he is a man. And then, hemmed in as he is, he ever keeps in his heart the sweet feeling of freedom, and that this dungeon — can be left when he likes.”

What Goethe's own temper and habit of thought must have been, while the materials of such a work were forming themselves within his heart, might be in some degree conjectured, and he has himself informed us. We quote the following passage from his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. The writing of *Werter*, it would seem, indicating so gloomy, almost desperate a state of mind in the author, was at the same time a symptom, indeed a cause, of his now having got delivered from such melancholy. Far from recommending suicide to others, as *Werter* has often been accused of doing, it was the first proof that Goethe himself had abandoned these "hypochondriacal crotchets": the imaginary "sorrows" had helped to free him from many real ones.

"Such weariness of life," he says "has its physical and its spiritual causes; those we shall leave to the doctor, these to the moralist, for investigation; and in this so trite matter touch only on the main point, where that phenomenon expresses itself most distinctly. All pleasure in life is founded on the regular return of external things. The alternations of day and night, of the seasons, of the blossoms and fruits, and whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch with the offer and command of enjoyment,—these are the essential springs of earthly existence. The more open we are to such enjoy-

ments, the happier we feel ourselves ; but, should the vicissitude of these appearances come and go without our taking interest in it ; should such benignant invitations address themselves to us in vain, then follows the greatest misery, the heaviest malady ; one grows to view life as a sickening burden. We have heard of the Englishman who hanged himself, to be no more troubled with daily putting off and on his clothes. I knew an honest gardener, the overseer of some extensive pleasure-grounds, who once splenetically exclaimed : Shall I see these clouds forever passing, then, from east to west ? It is told of one of our most distinguished men, that he viewed with dissatisfaction the spring again growing green, and wished that, by way of change, it would for once be red. These are specially the symptoms of life-weariness, which not seldom issues in suicide, and, at this time, among men of meditative, secluded character, was more frequent than might be supposed.

“Nothing, however will sooner induce this feeling of satiety than the return of love. The first love, it is said justly, is the only one ; for in the second, and by the second, the highest significance of love is in fact lost. That idea of infinitude, of everlasting endurance, which supports and bears it aloft, is destroyed : it seems transient, like all that returns. . . .

“Further, a young man soon comes to find, if not in himself, at least in others, that moral epochs have their course, as well as the seasons. The favor of the great, the protection of the powerful, the help of the active, the good-will of



the many, the love of the few, all fluctuates up and down ; so that we cannot hold it fast, any more than we can hold sun, moon, and stars. And yet these things are not mere natural events : such blessings flee away from us, by our own blame or that of others, by accident or destiny ; but they do flee away, they fluctuate, and we are never sure of them.

“But what most pains the young man of sensibility is, the incessant return of our faults : for how long is it before we learn that, in cultivating our virtues, we nourish our faults along with them ! The former rest on the latter, as on their roots ; and these ramify themselves in secret as strongly and as wide as those others in the open light. Now, as we for most part practise our virtues with forethought and will, but by our faults are overtaken unexpectedly, the former seldom give us much joy, the latter are continually giving us sorrow and distress. Indeed, here lies the subtlest difficulty in self-knowledge, the difficulty which almost renders it impossible. But figure, in addition to all this, the heat of youthful blood, an imagination easily fascinated and paralyzed by individual objects ; further, the wavering commotions of the day ; and you will find that an impatient striving to free one’s self from such a pressure was no unnatural state.

“However, these gloomy contemplations, which, if a man yield to them, will lead him to boundless lengths, could not have so decidedly developed themselves in our young German minds, had not some outward cause excited and

forwarded us in this sorrowful employment. Such a cause existed for us in the literature, especially the poetical literature, of England, the great qualities of which are accompanied by a certain earnest melancholy, which it imparts to every one that occupies himself with it.

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“In such an element, with such an environment of circumstances, with studies and tastes of this sort ; harassed by unsatisfied desires, externally nowhere called forth to important action ; with the sole prospect of dragging on a languid, spiritless, mere civic life, — we had recurred, in our disconsolate pride, to the thought that life, when it no longer suited one, might be cast aside at pleasure ; and had helped ourselves hereby, stintedly enough, over the crosses and tediums of the time. These sentiments were so universal, that *Werter*, on this very account, could produce the greatest effect ; striking in everywhere with the dominant humor, and representing the interior of a sickly youthful heart, in a visible and palpable shape. How accurately the English have known this sorrow might be seen from these few significant lines, written before the appearance of *Werter* :—

“To griefs congenial prone,  
More wounds than nature gave he knew,  
While misery’s form his fancy drew  
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.”

“Self-murder is an occurrence in men’s affairs which, how much soever it may have already

been discussed and commented upon, excites an interest in every mortal ; and, at every new era, must be discussed again. Montesquieu confers on his heroes and great men the right of putting themselves to death when they see good ; observing, that it must stand at the will of every one to conclude the fifth act of his tragedy whenever he thinks best. Here, however, our business lies not with persons who, in activity, have led an important life, who have spent their days for some mighty empire, or for the cause of freedom ; and whom one may forbear to censure, when, seeing the high ideal purpose which had inspired them vanish from the earth, they meditate pursuing it to that other undiscovered country. Our business here is with persons to whom, properly from want of activity, and in the peacefullest condition imaginable, life has nevertheless, by their exorbitant requisitions on themselves, become a burden. As I myself was in this predicament, and know best what pain I suffered in it, what efforts it cost me to escape from it, I shall not hide the speculations I, from time to time, considerably prosecuted, as to the various modes of death one had to choose from.

“It is something so unnatural for a man to break loose from himself, not only to hurt, but to annihilate himself, that he for the most part catches at means of a mechanical sort for putting his purpose in execution. When Ajax falls on his sword, it is the weight of his body that performs this service for him. When the warrior adjures his armor-bearer to slay him rather than that he come into the hands of the enemy, this

is likewise an external force which he secures for himself ; only a moral instead of a physical one. Women seek in the water a cooling for their desperation ; and the highly mechanical means of pistol-shooting insures a quick act with the smallest effort. Hanging is a death one mentions unwillingly, because it is an ignoble one. In England it may happen more readily than elsewhere, because from youth upwards you there see that punishment frequent without being specially ignominious. By poison, by opening of veins, men aim but at parting slowly from life ; and the most refined, the speediest, the most painless death, by means of an asp, was worthy of a queen, who had spent her life in pomp and luxurious pleasure. All these, however, are external helps ; are enemies, with which a man, that he may fight against himself, makes league.

“ When I considered these various methods, and further, looked abroad over history, I could find among all suicides no one that had gone about this deed with such greatness and freedom of spirit as the Emperor Otho. This man, beaten indeed as a general, yet nowise reduced to extremities, determines, for the good of the empire, which already in some measure belonged to him, and for the saving of so many thousands, to leave the world. With his friends he passes a gay festive night, and next morning it is found that with his own hand he has plunged a sharp dagger into his heart. This sole act seemed to me worthy of imitation ; and I convinced myself that whoever could not proceed herein as Otho had done, was not entitled to resolve on renoun-

cing life. By this conviction I saved myself from the purpose, or indeed more properly speaking from the whim, of suicide, which, in those fair peaceful times had insinuated itself into the mind of indolent youth. Among a considerable collection of arms, I possessed a costly well-ground dagger. This I laid down nightly beside my bed ; and before extinguishing the light, I tried whether I could succeed in sending the sharp point an inch or two deep into my breast. But as I truly never could succeed, I at last took to laughing at myself ; threw away all these hypochondriacal crotchets, and determined to live. To do this with cheerfulness, however, I required to have some poetical task given me, wherein all that I had felt, thought, or dreamed, on this weighty business might be spoken forth. With such view, I endeavored to collect the elements which for a year or two had been floating about in me ; I represented to myself the circumstances which had most oppressed and afflicted me : but nothing of all this would take form ; there was wanting an incident, a fable, in which I might embody it.

“ All at once I hear tidings of Jerusalem’s death ; and directly following the general rumor, came the most precise and circumstantial description of the business ; and in this instant the plan of *Werter* was invented : the whole shot together from all sides, and became a solid mass ; as the water in the vessel, which already stood on the point of freezing, is by the slightest motion changed at once into firm ice.”

A wide and every way most important interval divides *Werter*, with its sceptical philosophy and "hypochondriacal crotchets," from Goethe's next novel, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, published some twenty years afterwards. This work belongs, in all senses, to the second and sounder period of Goethe's life, and may indeed serve as the fullest, if perhaps not the purest, impress of it ; being written with due forethought, at various times, during a period of no less than ten years. Considered as a piece of art, there were much to be said on *Meister* ; all which, however, lies beyond our present purpose. We are here looking at the work chiefly as a document for the writer's history ; and in this point of view it certainly seems, as contrasted with its more popular precursor, to deserve our best attention : for the problem which had been stated in *Werter*, with despair of its solution, is here solved. The lofty enthusiasm, which, wandering wildly over the universe, found no resting-place, has here reached its appointed home : and lives in harmony with what long appeared to threaten it with annihilation. Anarchy has now become peace ; the once gloomy and perturbed spirit is now serene, cheerfully vigorous, and rich in good fruits. Neither, which is most important of all, has this peace been attained by a surrender to necessity, or any compact

with delusion ; a seeming blessing, such as years and dispiritment will of themselves bring to most men, and which is indeed no blessing, since even continued battle is better than destruction or captivity ; and peace of this sort is like that of Galgacus's Romans, who " called it peace when they had made a desert." Here the ardent high-aspiring youth has grown into the calmest man, yet with increase and not loss of ardor, and with aspirations higher as well as clearer. For he has conquered his unbelief ; the ideal has been built on the actual ; no longer floats vaguely in darkness and regions of dreams, but rests in light, on the firm ground of human interest and business, as in its true scene, on its true basis.

It is wonderful to see with what softness the scepticism of Jarno, the commercial spirit of Werner, the reposing polished manhood of Lothario and the uncle, the unearthly enthusiasm of the Harper, the gay animal vivacity of Philina, the mystic, ethereal, almost spiritual nature of Mignon, are blended together in this work ; how justice is done to each, how each lives freely in his proper element, in his proper form ; and how, as Wilhelm himself, the mild-hearted, all-hoping, all-believing Wilhelm, struggles forward towards his world of art through these curiously complected influences, all this unites itself into a

multifarious, yet so harmonious whole, as into a clear poetic mirror, where man's life and business in this age, his passions and purposes, the highest equally with the lowest, are imaged back to us in beautiful significance. Poetry and prose are no longer at variance, for the poet's eyes are opened: he sees the changes of many-colored existence, and sees the loveliness and deep purport which lies hidden under the very meanest of them; hidden to the vulgar sight, but clear to the poets, because the "open secret" is no longer a secret to him, and he knows that the universe is *full* of goodness; that whatever has being has beauty.

Apart from its literary merits or demerits, such is the temper of mind we trace in Goethe's *Meister*, and more or less expressively exhibited, in all his later works. We reckon it a rare phenomenon, this temper; and worthy, in our times, if it do exist, of best study from all inquiring men. How has such a temper been attained in this so lofty and impetuous mind, once too, dark, desolate, and full of doubt, more than any other? How may we, each of us in his several sphere, attain it, or strengthen it, for ourselves? These are questions, this last is a question, in which no one is unconcerned.

To answer these questions, to begin the answer of them, would lead us very far be-



yond our present limits. It is not, as we believe, without long, sedulous study, without learning much and unlearning much, that, for any man, the answer of such questions is even to be hoped. Meanwhile, as regards Goethe, there is one feature of the business which, to us, throws considerable light on his moral persuasions, and will not, in investigating the secret of them, be overlooked. We allude to the spirit in which he cultivates his art; the noble, disinterested, almost religious love with which he looks on art in general, and strives towards it as towards the sure, highest, nay, only good. We extract one passage from *Wilhelm Meister*; it may pass for a piece of fine declamation, but not in that light do we offer it here. Strange, unaccountable as the thing may seem, we have actually evidence before our mind that Goethe believes in such doctrines, nay, has in some sort lived and endeavored to direct his conduct by them.

“ ‘Look at men,’ continues Wilhelm, ‘how they struggle after happiness and satisfaction! Their wishes, their toil, their gold, are ever hunting restlessly; and after what? After that which the poet has received from nature; the right enjoyment of the world; the feeling of himself in others; the harmonious conjunction of many things that will seldom go together.

“ ‘What is it that keeps men in continual

discontent and agitation? It is that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions, that enjoyment steals away from among their hands, that the wished-for comes too late, and nothing reached and acquired produces on the heart the effect which their longing for it at a distance led them to anticipate. Now fate has exalted the poet above all this, as if he were a god. He views the conflicting tumult of the passions; sees families and kingdoms raging in aimless commotion; sees those perplexed enigmas of misunderstanding, which often a single syllable would explain, occasioning convulsions unutterably baleful. He has a fellow-feeling of the mournful and the joyful in the fate of all mortals. When the man of the world is devoting his days to wasting melancholy for some deep disappointment; or, in the ebullience of joy, is going out to meet his happy destiny, the lightly moved and all-conceiving spirit of the poet steps forth, like the sun from night to day, and with soft transition tunes his harp to joy or woe. From his heart, its native soil, springs the fair flower of wisdom; and if others while waking dream, and are pained with fantastic delusions from their every sense, he passes the dream of life like one awake, and the strangest event is to him nothing, save a part of the past and of the future. And thus the poet is a teacher, a prophet, a friend of gods and men. How! Thou wouldst have him descend from his height to some paltry occupation? He who is fashioned, like a bird, to hover round the world, to nestle on the lofty summits, to feed on

flowers and fruits, exchanging gayly one bough for another, *he* ought also to work at the plough like an ox ; like a dog to train himself to the harness and draught ; or perhaps, tied up in a chain, to guard a farm-yard by his barking?" "

"Werner, it may well be supposed, had listened with the greatest surprise. 'All true,' he rejoined, 'if men were but made like birds ; and, though they neither span nor weaved, could spend peaceful days in perpetual enjoyment : if, at the approach of winter, they could as easily betake themselves to distant regions ; could retire before scarcity, and fortify themselves against frost.'"

" 'Poets have lived so,' exclaimed Wilhelm, 'in times when true nobleness was better revered ; and so should they ever live. Sufficiently provided for within, they had need of little from without ; the gift of imparting lofty emotions and glorious images to men, in melodies and words that charmed the ear, and fixed themselves inseparably on whatever they might touch, of old enraptured the world, and served the gifted as a rich inheritance. At the courts of kings, at the tables of the great, under the windows of the fair, the sound of them was heard, while the ear and the soul were shut for all beside ; and men felt, as we do when delight comes over us, and we pause with rapture if, among the dingles we are crossing, the voice of the nightingale starts out, touching and strong. They found a home in every habitation of the world, and the lowliness of their condition but exalted them the more. The hero listened to

their songs, and the conqueror of the earth did reverence to a poet ; for he felt that, without poets, his own wild and vast existence would pass away like a whirlwind, and be forgotten forever. The lover wished that he could feel his longings and his joys so variedly and so harmoniously as the poet's inspired lips had skill to show them forth ; and even the rich man could not of himself discern such costliness in his idol grandeurs, as when they were presented to him shining in the splendor of the poet's spirit, sensible to all worth, and ennobling all. Nay, if thou wilt have it, who but the poet was it that first formed gods for us ; that exalted us to them, and brought them down to us ? ”

For a man of Goethe's talent to write many such pieces of rhetoric, setting forth the dignity of poets, and their innate independence on external circumstances, could be no very hard task ; accordingly, we find such sentiments again and again expressed, sometimes with still more gracefulness, still clearer emphasis, in his various writings. But to adopt these sentiments into his sober practical persuasion ; in any measure to feel and believe that such was still, and must always be, the high vocation of the poet ; on this ground of universal humanity, of ancient and now almost forgotten nobleness, to take his stand, even in these trivial, jeering, withered, unbelieving days ; and through all their com-

plex, dispiriting, mean, yet tumultuous influences, to "make his light shine before men," that it might beautify even our "rag-gathering age" with some beams of that mild, divine splendor, which had long left us, the very possibility of which was denied: heartily and in earnest to meditate all this, was no common proceeding; to bring it into practice, especially in such a life as his has been, was among the highest and hardest enterprises which any man whatever could engage in. We reckon this a greater novelty than all the novelties which as a mere writer he ever put forth, whether for praise or censure. We have taken it upon us to say that if such *is* in any sense, the state of the case with regard to Goethe, he deserves not mere approval as a pleasing poet and sweet singer, but deep, grateful study, observance, imitation, as a moralist and philosopher. If there be any *probability* that such is the state of the case, we cannot but reckon it a matter well worthy of being inquired into. And it is for this only that we are here pleading and arguing.

On the literary merit and meaning of *Wilhelm Meister*, we have already said that we must not enter at present. The book has been translated into English: it underwent the usual judgment from our reviews and magazines; was to some a stone of stumbling, to others foolishness, to most an object of

wonder. On the whole, it passed smoothly through the critical assaying-house ; for the assayers have Christian dispositions, and very little time ; so *Meister* was ranked, without umbrage, among the legal coin of the Minerva Press ; and allowed to circulate as copper currency among the rest. That in so quick a process, a German *Friedrich d'or* might not slip through unnoticed among new and equally brilliant British brass farthings, there is no warranting. For our critics can now criticise *impromptu*, which, though far the readiest, is nowise the surest plan. *Meister* is the mature product of the first genius of our times ; and must, one would think, be different, in various respects, from the immature products of geniuses who are far from the first, and whose works spring from the brain in as many weeks as Goethe's cost him years.

Nevertheless we quarrel with no man's verdict ; for time, which tries all things, will try this also, and bring to light the truth, both as regards criticism and thing criticised ; or sink both into final darkness, which likewise will be the truth as regards them. But there is one censure which we must advert to for a moment, so singular does it seem to us. *Meister*, it appears, is a "vulgar" work ; no "gentleman," we hear in certain circles, could have written it ; few real gentlemen, it is insinuated, can like to read it ; no real

lady, unless possessed of considerable courage, should profess having read it at all. Of Goethe's "gentility" we shall leave all men to speak that have any, even the faintest knowledge of him; and with regard to the gentility of his readers, state only the following fact. Most of us have heard of the late Queen of Prussia, and know whether or not she was genteel enough, and of real ladyhood: nay, if we must prove everything, her character can be read in the *Life of Napoleon*, by Sir Walter Scott, who passes for a judge of those matters. And yet this is what we find written in the *Kunst und Alterthum*, for 1824:\*

"Books too have their past happiness, which no chance can take away:

'Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,  
Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.'†

"These heart-broken lines a highly noble-minded, venerated Queen repeated in the cruellest exile, when cast forth to boundless misery. She made herself familiar with the book in which

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\* Band v. s. 8.

† Who never ate his bread in sorrow,  
Who never spent the darksome hours  
Weeping and watching for the morrow,  
He knows you not, ye unseen Powers.  
*Wilhelm Meister*, Book II. Chap. 13.

these words, with many other painful experiences, are communicated, and drew from it a melancholy consolation. This influence, stretching of itself into boundless time, what is there that can obliterate ?”

Here are strange diversities of taste ; “national discrepancies” enough, had we time to investigate them ! Nevertheless, wishing each party to retain his own special persuasions, so far as they are honest, and adapted to his intellectual position, national or individual, we cannot but believe that there is an inward and essential truth in art ; a truth far deeper than the dictates of mere mode, and which, could we pierce through these dictates, would be true for all nations and all men. To arrive at this truth, distant from every one at first, approachable by most, attainable by some small number, is the end and aim of all real study of poetry. For such a purpose, among others, the comparison of English with foreign judgment, on works that will bear judging, forms no unprofitable help. Some day, we may translate Friedrich Schlegel’s Essay on *Meister*, by way of contrast to our English animadversions on that subject. Schlegel’s praise, whatever ours might do, rises sufficiently high : neither does he seem, during twenty years, to have repented of what he said ; for we observe in the edition of his works, at present publishing, he repeats



the whole *Character*, and even appends to it, in a separate sketch, some new assurances and elucidations.

It may deserve to be mentioned here that *Meister*, at its first appearance in Germany, was received very much as it has been in England. Goethe's known character, indeed, precluded indifference there ; but otherwise it was much the same. The whole guild of criticism was thrown into perplexity, into sorrow ; everywhere was dissatisfaction open or concealed. Official duty impelling them to speak, some said one thing, some another ; all felt in secret that they knew not what to say. Till the appearance of Schlegel's *Character*, no word, that we have seen, of the smallest chance to be decisive, or indeed to last beyond the day, had been uttered regarding it. Some regretted that the fire of *Werter* was so wonderfully abated ; whisperings there might be about "lowness" "heaviness" ; some spake forth boldly in behalf of suffering "virtue." Novalis was not among the speakers, but he censured the work in secret, and this for a reason which to us will seem the strangest ; for its being, as we should say, a Benthamite work ! Many are the bitter aphorisms we find, among his fragments, directed against *Meister* for its prosaic, mechanical, economical, cold-hearted, altogether utilitarian character. We English,

again, call Goethe a mystic : so difficult is it to please all parties ! But the good, deep, noble Novalis made the fairest amends ; for notwithstanding all this, Tieck tells us, if we remember rightly, he continually returned to *Meister*, and could not but peruse and re-peruse it.

On a somewhat different ground proceeded quite another sort of assault from one Pustkucher of Quedlinburg. Herr Pustkucher felt afflicted, it would seem, at the want of patriotism and religion too manifest in *Meister* ; and determined to take what vengeance he could. By way of sequel to the *Apprenticeship*, Goethe had announced his *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*,\* as in a state of preparation ; but the book still lingered : whereupon, in the interim, forth comes this Pustkucher with a pseudo-*Wanderjahre* of his own ; satirizing, according to ability, the spirit and principles of the *Apprenticeship*.

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\* "*Wanderjahre* denotes the period which a German artisan is, by law or usage, obliged to pass in travelling, to perfect himself in his craft, after the conclusion of his *Lehrjahre* (apprenticeship), and before his mastership can begin. In many guilds this custom is as old as their existence, and continues still to be indispensable : it is said to have originated in the frequent journeys of the German Emperors to Italy, and the consequent improvement observed in such workmen among their menials as had attended them thither. Most of the guilds are what is called *geschenkten*, that is, *presenting*, having presents to give to needy wandering brothers."

We have seen an epigram on Pustkucher and his *Wanderjahre*, attributed, with what justice we know not, to Goethe himself: whether it is his or not, it is written in his name; and seems to express accurately enough for such a purpose the relation between the parties, — in language which we had rather not translate:

Will denn von Quedlinburg aus  
Ein neuer Wanderer traben?  
Hat doch die Wallfisch seine Laus,  
Muss auch die meine haben.

So much for Pustkucher, and the rest. The true *Wanderjahre* has at length appeared: the first volume has been before the world since 1821. This fragment, for it still continues such, is in our view one of the most perfect pieces of composition that Goethe has ever produced. We have heard something of his being at present engaged in extending or completing it: what the whole may in his hands become, we are anxious to see; but the *Wanderjahre*, even in its actual state, can hardly be called unfinished, as a piece of writing; it coheres so beautifully within itself; and yet we see not whence the wondrous landscape came, or whither it is stretching: but it hangs before us a fairy region, hiding its borders on this side in light sunny clouds, fading away on that into the infinite azure: already, we

might almost say, it gives us the notion of a *completed fragment*, or the state in which a fragment, not meant for completion, might be left.

But apart from its environment, and considered merely in itself, this *Wanderjahre* seems to us a most estimable work. There is, in truth, a singular gracefulness in it ; a high, melodious wisdom ; so light is it, yet so earnest ; so calm, so gay, yet so strong and deep : for the purest spirit of all art rests over it and breathes through it ; “mild wisdom is wedded in living union to harmony divine” ; the thought of the sage is melted, we might say, and incorporated in the liquid music of the poet. “It is called a romance,” observes the English translator ; “but it treats not of romance characters or subjects ; it ‘has less relation to Fielding’s *Tom Jones* than to Spenser’s ‘*Faery Queen*.’” We have not forgotten what is due to Spenser ; yet, perhaps, beside his immortal allegory this *Wanderjahre* may, in fact, not unfairly be named ; and with this advantage, that it is an allegory not of the seventeenth century, but of the nineteenth ; a picture full of expressiveness, of what men are striving for, and ought to strive for, in these actual days. “The scene,” we are further told, “is not laid on this firm earth ; but in a fair Utopia of art and science and free activity ; the figures, light and aëriform, come

unlooked-for, and melt away abruptly, like the pageants of Prospero in his Enchanted Island." We venture to add, that, like Prospero's Island, this too is drawn from the inward depths, the purest sphere of poetic inspiration : ever, as we read it, the images of old Italian art flit before us ; the gay tints of Titian ; the quaint grace of Domenichino ; sometimes the clear yet unfathomable depth of Rafaele ; and whatever else we have known or dreamed of in that rich old genial world.

As it is Goethe's moral sentiments, and culture as a man, that we have made our chief object in this survey, we would fain give some adequate specimen of the *Wanderjahre*, where, as appears to us, these are to be traced in their last degree of clearness and completeness. But to do this, to find a specimen that should be adequate, were difficult, or rather impossible. How shall we divide what is in itself one and indivisible ? How shall the fraction of a complex picture give us any idea of the so beautiful whole ? Nevertheless, we shall refer our readers to the tenth and eleventh chapters of the *Wanderjahre* ; where, in poetic and symbolic style, they will find a sketch of the nature, objects and present ground of religious belief, which, if they have ever reflected duly on that matter, will hardly fail to interest them. They will find these chapters, if we mistake not, worthy of deep con-

sideration ; for this is the merit of Goethe : his maxims will bear study ; nay, they require it, and improve by it more and more. They come from the depths of his mind, and are not in their place till they have reached the depths of ours. The wisest man, we believe, may see in them a reflex of his own wisdom : but to him who is still learning, they become as seeds of knowledge ; they take root in the mind, and ramify, as we meditate them, into a whole garden of thought. The sketch we mentioned is far too long for being extracted here : however, we give some scattered portions of it, which the reader will accept with fair allowance. As the wild suicidal night-thoughts of *Werter* formed our first extract, this by way of counterpart may be the last. We must fancy Wilhelm in the "Pedagogic province," proceeding towards the "Chief, or the Three," with intent to place his son under their charge, in that wonderful region, "where he was to see so many singularities."

"Wilhelm had already noticed that in the cut and color of the young people's clothes a variety prevailed, which gave the whole tiny population a peculiar aspect : he was about to question his attendant on this point, when a still stranger observation forced itself upon him : all the children, how employed soever, laid down their work, and turned, with singular yet diverse gestures, towards the party riding past them ; or rather,

as it was easy to infer, towards the overseer, who was in it. The youngest laid their arms crosswise over their breasts, and looked cheerfully up to the sky; those of middle size held their hands on their backs, and looked smiling on the ground; the eldest stood with a frank and spirited air, — their arms stretched down, they turned their heads to the right, and formed themselves into a line; whereas the others kept separate, each where he chanced to be.

“The riders having stopped and dismounted here, as several children, in their various modes, were standing forth to be inspected by the overseer, Wilhelm asked the meaning of these gestures; but Felix struck in and cried gayly: ‘What posture am I to take, then?’ ‘Without doubt,’ said the overseer, ‘the first posture: the arms over the breast, the face earnest and cheerful towards the sky.’ Felix obeyed, but soon cried: ‘This is not much to my taste; I see nothing up there: does it last long? But yes!’ exclaimed he joyfully, ‘yonder are a pair of falcons flying from the west to the east: that is a good sign too?’ — ‘As thou takest it, as thou behavest,’ said the other: ‘Now mingle among them as they mingle.’ He gave a signal, and the children left their postures and again betook them to work or sport as before.”

Wilhelm a second time “asks the meaning of these gestures”; but the overseer is not at liberty to throw much light on the matter; mentions only that they are symbolical, “no-

wise mere grimaces, but have a moral purport, which perhaps the Chief or the Three may further explain to him." The children themselves, it would seem, only know it in part ; "secrecy having many advantages ; for when you tell a man at once and straightforward the purpose of any object, he fancies there is nothing in it." By and by, however, having left Felix by the way, and parted with the overseer, Wilhelm arrives at the abode of the Three, "who preside over sacred things," and from whom further satisfaction is to be looked for.

"Wilhelm had now reached the gate of a wooded vale surrounded with high walls : on a certain sign, the little door opened, and a man of earnest, imposing look received our traveller. The latter found himself in a large beautifully umbrageous space, decked with the richest foliage, shaded with trees and bushes of all sorts ; while stately walls and magnificent buildings were discerned only in glimpses through this thick natural boscage. A friendly reception from the Three, who by and by appeared, at last turned into a general conversation, the substance of which we now present in an abbreviated shape.

" 'Since you intrust your son to us,' said they, 'it is fair that we admit you to a closer view of our procedure. Of what is external you have seen much that does not bear its meaning on its front. What part of this do you wish to have explained ?'



“ ‘Dignified yet singular gestures of salutation I have noticed ; the import of which I would gladly learn : with you, doubtless, the exterior has a reference to the interior, and inversely ; let me know what this reference is.’

“ ‘Well-formed healthy children,’ replied the Three, ‘bring much into the world along with them ; Nature has given to each whatever he requires for time and duration ; to unfold this is our duty ; often it unfolds itself better of its own accord. One thing there is, however, which no child brings into the world with him ; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man. If you can discover it yourself, speak it out.’ Wilhelm thought a little while, then shook his head.

“ ‘The Three, after a suitable pause exclaimed, ‘Reverence !’ Wilhelm seemed to hesitate. ‘Reverence !’ cried they, a second time. ‘All want it, perhaps yourself.’

“ ‘Three kinds of gestures you have seen ; and we inculcate a threefold reverence, which when commingled and formed into one whole, attains its full force and effect. The first is reverence for what is above us. That posture, the arms crossed over the breast, the look turned joyfully towards heaven ; that is what we have enjoined on young children ; requiring from them thereby a testimony that there is a God above, who images and reveals himself in parents, teachers, superiors. Then comes the second ; reverence for what is under us. Those hands folded over the back, and as it were tied together ; that down-turned smiling look, announce that we are to re-

gard the earth with attention and cheerfulness : from the bounty of the earth we are nourished ; the earth affords unutterable joys ; but disproportionate sorrows she also brings us. Should one of our children do himself external hurt, blamably or blamelessly ; should others hurt him accidentally or purposely ; should dead involuntary matter do him hurt ; then let him well consider it ; for such dangers will attend him all his days. But from this posture we delay not to free our pupil, the instant we become convinced that the instruction connected with it has produced sufficient influence on him. Then, on the contrary, we bid him gather courage, and turning to his comrades, range himself along with them. Now, at last, he stands forth, frank and bold ; not selfishly isolated ; only in combination with his equals does he front the world. Farther we have nothing to add.'

" 'I see a glimpse of it !' said Wilhelm. 'Are not the mass of men so marred and stunted, because they take pleasure only in the element of evil-wishing and evil-speaking ? Whoever gives himself to this, soon comes to be indifferent towards God, contemptuous towards the world, spiteful towards his equals ; and the true, genuine, indispensable sentiment of self-estimation corrupts into self-conceit and presumption. Allow me, however,' continued he, 'to state one difficulty. You say that reverence is not natural to man : now has not the reverence or fear of rude people for violent convulsions of nature, or other inexplicable mysteriously foreboding occurrences, been heretofore regarded as

the germ out of which a higher feeling, a purer sentiment, was by degrees to be developed ? ”

“ ‘ Nature is indeed adequate to fear,’ replied they, ‘ but to reverence not adequate. Men fear a known or unknown powerful being ; the strong seeks to conquer it, the weak to avoid it ; both endeavor to get quit of it, and feel themselves happy when for a short season they have put it aside, and their nature has in some degree restored itself to freedom and independence. The natural man repeats this operation millions of times in the course of his life ; from fear he struggles to freedom ; from freedom he is driven back to fear, and so makes no advancement. To fear is easy, but grievous ; to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory. Man does not willingly submit himself to reverence, or rather he never so submits himself : it is a higher sense which must be communicated to his nature ; which only in some favored individuals unfolds itself spontaneously, who on this account too have of old been looked upon as saints and gods. Here lies the worth, here lies the business of all true religions, whereof there are likewise only three, according to the objects towards which they direct our devotion.’ ”

“ The men paused ; Wilhelm reflected for a time in silence ; but feeling in himself no pretension to unfold these strange words, he requested the sages to proceed with their exposition. They immediately complied. ‘ No religion that grounds itself on fear,’ said they, ‘ is regarded among us. With the reverence to which a man should give dominion in his mind, he can, in paying honor, keep his own honor ;

he is not disunited with himself as in the former case. The religion which depends on reverence for what is above us, we denominate the ethnic ; it is the religion of the nations, and the first happy deliverance from a degrading fear : all heathen religions, as we call them, are of this sort ; whatsoever names they may bear. The second religion, which founds itself on reverence for what is around us, we denominate the philosophical ; for the philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower, and only in this medium condition does he merit the title of wise. Here as he surveys with clear sight his relation to his equals, and therefore to the whole human race, his relation likewise to all other earthly circumstances and arrangements necessary or accidental, he alone, in a cosmic sense, lives in truth. But now we have to speak of the third religion, grounded on reverence for what is under us : this we name the Christian ; as in the Christian religion such a temper is the most distinctly manifested : it is a last step to which mankind were fitted and destined to attain. But what a task was it, not only to be patient with the earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace ; but also to recognize humility and poverty mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, to recognize these things as divine ; nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hindrances, but to honor and love them as furtherances, of what is holy. Of this, indeed, we find some traces in all ages : but the trace

is not the goal ; and this being now attained, the human species cannot retrograde ; and we may say that the Christian religion, having once appeared, cannot again vanish ; having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution.

“ ‘ To which of these religions do you specially adhere ? ’ inquired Wilhelm.

“ ‘ To all the three,’ replied they ; ‘ for in their union they produce what may properly be called the true religion. Out of those three reverences springs the highest reverence, reverence for one’s self, and these again unfold themselves from this ; so that man attains the highest elevation of which he is capable, that of being justified in reckoning himself the best that God and Nature have produced ; nay, of being able to continue on this lofty eminence, without being again by self-conceit and presumption drawn down from it into the vulgar level.’ ”

The Three undertake to admit him into the interior of their sanctuary ; whither, accordingly, he, “ at the hand of the eldest,” proceeds on the morrow. Sorry are we that we cannot follow them into the “ octagonal hall,” so full of paintings, and the “ gallery open on one side, and stretching round a spacious, gay, flowery garden.” It is a beautiful figurative representation, by pictures and symbols of art, of the first and the second religions, the ethnic and the philosophical ; for the former of which the pictures have

been composed from the Old Testament ; for the latter from the New. We can only make room for some small portions.

“ ‘I observe,’ said Wilhelm, ‘you have done the Israelites the honor to select their history as the groundwork of this delineation, or rather you have made it the leading object there.’

“ ‘As you see,’ replied the eldest ; ‘for you will remark, that on the socles and friezes we have introduced another series of transactions and occurrences, not so much of a synchronistic as of a symphronistic kind ; since, among all nations, we discover records of a similar import, and grounded on the same facts. Thus you perceive here, while, in the main field of the picture, Abraham receives a visit from his gods in the form of fair youths, Apollo among the herdsmen of Admetus is painted above on the frieze. From which we may learn, that the gods, when they appear to men, are commonly unrecognized of them.’

“The friends walked on. Wilhelm, for the most part, met with well-known objects ; but they were here exhibited in a livelier, more expressive manner, than he had been used to see them. On some few matters he requested explanation, and at last could not help returning to his former question : ‘Why the Israelitish history had been chosen in preference to all others ?’

“The eldest answered : ‘Among all heathen religions, for such also is the Israelitish, this has the most distinguished advantages ; of which I shall mention only a few. At the Ethnic judg-

ment-seat; at the judgment-seat of the God of nations, it is not asked whether this is the best, the most excellent nation; but whether it lasts, whether it has continued. The Israelitish people never was good for much, as its own leaders, judges, rulers, prophets, have a thousand times reproachfully declared; it possesses few virtues, and most of the faults of other nations: but in cohesion, steadfastness, valor, and when all this would not serve, in obstinate toughness, it has no match. It is the most perseverant nation in the world; it is, it was and it will be, to glorify the name of Jehovah through all ages. We have set it up, therefore, as the pattern figure; as the main figure, to which the others only serve as a frame.'

" 'It becomes not me to dispute with you,' said Wilhelm, 'since you have instruction to impart. Open to me, therefore, the other advantages of this people, or rather of its history, of its religion.'

" 'One chief advantage,' said the other, 'is its excellent collection of sacred books. These stand so happily combined together, that even out of the most diverse elements, the feeling of a whole still rises before us. They are complete enough to satisfy; fragmentary enough to excite; barbarous enough to rouse; tender enough to appease; and for how many other contradicting merits might not these books, might not this one book, be praised?'

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"Thus wandering on, they had now reached the gloomy and perplexed periods of the history,

the destruction of the city and the temple, the murder, exile, slavery of whole masses of this stiffnecked people. Its subsequent fortunes were delineated in a cunning allegorical way ; a real historical delineation of them would have lain without the limits of true art.

“At this point, the gallery abruptly terminated in a closed door, and Wilhelm was surprised to see himself already at the end. “In your historical series,” said he, “I find a chasm. You have destroyed the Temple of Jerusalem, and dispersed the people ; yet you have not introduced the divine man who taught there shortly before ; to whom, shortly before, they would give no ear.”

“‘To have done this, as you require it, would have been an error. The life of that divine man, whom you allude to, stands in no connection with the general history of the world in his time. It was a private life, his teaching was a teaching for individuals. What has publicly befallen vast masses of people, and the minor parts which compose them, belongs to the general history of the world, to the general religion of the world ; the religion we have named the first. What inwardly befalls individuals belongs to the second religion, the philosophical : such a religion was it that Christ taught and practised, so long as he went about on earth. For this reason, the external here closes, and I now open to you the internal.’

“A door went back, and they entered a similar gallery ; where Wilhelm soon recognized a corresponding series of pictures from the New



Testament. They seemed as if by another hand than the first: all was softer; forms, movements, accompaniments, light and coloring."

Into this second gallery, with its strange doctrine about "miracles and parables," the characteristic of the philosophical religion, we cannot enter for the present, yet must give one hurried glance. Wilhelm expresses some surprise that these delineations terminate "with the Supper, with the scene where the Master and his disciples part." He inquires for the remaining portion of the history.

"'In all sorts of instruction,' said the eldest, 'in all sorts of communication, we are fond of separating whatever it is possible to separate; for by this means alone can the notion of importance and peculiar significance arise in the young mind. Actual experience of itself mingles and mixes all things together: here, accordingly, we have entirely disjoined that sublime Man's life from its termination. In life he appears as a true philosopher, — let not the expression stagger you, — as a wise man in the highest sense. He stands firm to his point; he goes on his way inflexibly, and while he exalts the lower to himself, while he makes the ignorant, the poor, the sick, partakers of his wisdom, of his riches, of his strength, he, on the other hand, in no wise conceals his divine origin; he dares to equal himself with God, nay, to declare that he himself is God. In this manner he is wont, from youth upwards, to astound his familiar

friends ; of these he gains a part to his own cause ; irritates the rest against him ; and shows to all men, who are aiming at a certain elevation in doctrine and life, what they have to look for from the world. And thus, for the noble portion of mankind, his walk and conversation are even more instructive and profitable than his death : for to those trials every one is called, to this trial but a few. Now, omitting all that results from this consideration, do but look at the touching scene of the Last Supper. Here the wise man, as it ever is, leaves those that are his own utterly orphaned behind him ; and while he is careful for the good, he feeds along with them a traitor, by whom he and the better are to be destroyed.”

This seems to us to have “a deep, still meaning” ; and the longer and closer we examine it, the more it pleases us. Wilhelm is not admitted into the shrine of the third religion, the Christian, or that of which Christ’s sufferings and death were the symbol, as his walk and conversation had been the symbol of the second, or philosophical religion. “That last religion,” it is said, —

“ ‘That last religion, which arises from the reverence of what is beneath us ; that veneration of the contradictory, the hated, the avoided, we give to each of our pupils, in small portions, by way of outfit, along with him into the world, merely that he may know where more is to be had, should such a want spring up within him.

I invite you to return hither at the end of a year, to attend our general festival, and see how far your son is advanced: then shall you be admitted into the sanctuary of sorrow.'

" 'Permit me one question,' said Wilhelm: 'As you have set up the life of this divine man for a pattern and example, have you likewise selected his sufferings, his death, as a model of exalted patience?'

" 'Undoubtedly we have,' replied the eldest. 'Of this we make no secret; but we draw a veil over those sufferings, even because we reverence them so highly. We hold it a damnable audacity to bring forth that torturing cross, and the Holy One who suffers on it, or to expose them to the light of the sun, which hid its face when a reckless world forced such a sight on it; to take these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of sorrow lies hid, and play with them, fondle them, trick them out, and rest not till the most reverend of all solemnities appear vulgar and paltry. Let so much for the present suffice -- . . . The rest we must still owe you for a twelve month. The instruction, which in the interim we give the children, no stranger is allowed to witness: then, however, come to us, and you will hear what our best speakers think it serviceable to make public on those matters.' "

Could we hope that, in its present disjointed state, this emblematic sketch would rise before the minds of our readers in any measure as it stood before the mind of the writer;

that, in considering it, they might seize only an outline of those many meanings which, at less or greater depth, lie hidden under it, we should anticipate their thanks for having, a first or a second time, brought it before them. As it is, believing that to open-minded, truth-seeking men the deliberate words of an open-minded, truth-seeking man can in no case be wholly unintelligible, nor the words of such a man as Goethe indifferent, we have transcribed it for their perusal. If we induce them to turn to the original, and study this in its completeness, with so much else that environs it and bears on it, they will thank us still more. To our own judgment at least, there is a fine and pure significance in this whole delineation : such phrases even as the "sanctuary of sorrow," the "divine depth of sorrow," have of themselves a pathetic wisdom for us ; as indeed a tone of devoutness, of calm, mild, priest-like dignity pervades the whole. In a time like ours, it is rare to see, in the writings of cultivated men, any opinion whatever bearing any mark of sincerity on such a subject as this : yet it is and continues the highest subject, and they that are highest are most fit for studying it, and helping others to study it.

Goethe's *Wanderjahre* was published in his seventy-second year ; *Werter* in his twenty-

fifth : thus in passing between these two works, and over *Meisters Lehrjahre*, which stands nearly midway, we have glanced over a space of almost fifty years, including within them, of course, whatever was most important in his public or private history. By means of these quotations, so diverse in their tone, we meant to make it visible that a great change had taken place in the moral disposition of the man ; a change from inward imprisonment, doubt and discontent, into freedom, belief and clear activity : such a change as, in our opinion, must take place, more or less consciously, in every character that, especially in these times, attains to spiritual manhood ; and in characters possessing any thoughtfulness and sensibility, will seldom take place without a too painful consciousness, without bitter conflicts, in which the character itself is too often maimed and impoverished, and which end too often not in victory, but in defeat, or fatal compromise with the enemy. Too often, we may well say ; for though many gird on the harness, few bear it warrior-like ; still fewer put it off with triumph. Among our own poets, Byron was almost the only man we saw faithfully and manfully struggling to the end, in this cause ; and he died while the victory was still doubtful, or at best, only beginning to be gained. We have already stated our opin-

ion that Goethe's success in this matter has been more complete than that of any other man in his age ; nay, that in the strictest sense, he may almost be called the only one that has so succeeded. On this ground, were it on no other, we have ventured to say, that his spiritual history and procedure must deserve attention ; that his opinions, his creations, his mode of thought, his whole picture of the world as it dwells within him, must to his contemporaries be an inquiry of no common interest ; of an interest altogether peculiar, and not in this degree exemplified in existing literature. These things can be but imperfectly stated here, and must be left, not in a state of demonstration, but, at the utmost, of loose fluctuating probability ; nevertheless, if inquired into, they will be found to have a precise enough meaning, and, as we believe, a highly important one.

For the rest, what sort of mind it is that has passed through this change, that has gained this victory ; how rich and high a mind ; how learned by study in all that is wisest, by experience in all that is most complex, the brightest, as well as the blackest, in man's existence ; gifted with what insight, with what grace and power of utterance, we shall not for the present attempt discussing. All these the reader will learn, who studies his writings with such attention as

they merit : and by no other means. Of Goethe's dramatic, lyrical, didactic poems, in their thousand-fold expressiveness, for they are full of expressiveness, we can here say nothing. But in every department of literature, of art ancient and modern, in many provinces of science, we shall often meet him ; and hope to have other occasions of estimating what, in these respects, we and all men owe him.

Two circumstances, meanwhile, we have remarked, which to us throw light on the nature of his original faculty for poetry, and go far to convince us of the mastery he has attained in that art : these we may here state briefly, for the judgment of such as already know his writings, or the help of such as are beginning to know them. The first is his singularly emblematic intellect ; his perpetual never-failing tendency to transform into *shape*, into *life*, the opinion, the feeling that may dwell in him ; which, in its widest sense, we reckon to be essentially the grand problem of the poet. We do not mean mere metaphor and rhetorical trope : these are but the exterior concern, often but the scaffolding of the edifice, which is to be built up (within our thoughts) by means of them. In allusions, in similitudes, though no one known to us is happier, many are more copious, than Goethe. But we find this faculty

of his in the very essence of his intellect ; and trace it alike in the quiet cunning epigram, the allegory, the quaint device, reminding us of some Quarles or Bunyan ; and in the *Fausts*, the *Tassos*, the *Mignons*, which in their pure and gentle personality, may almost remind us of the *Ariels* and *Hamlets* of Shakespeare. Everything has form, everything has visual existence ; the poet's imagination *bodies forth* the forms of things unseen, his pen turns them to *shape*. This, as a natural endowment, exists in Goethe, we conceive, to a very high degree.

The other characteristic of his mind, which proves to us his acquired mastery in art, as this shows us the extent of his original capacity for it, is his wonderful variety, nay, universality ; his entire freedom from mannerism. We read Goethe for years, before we come to see wherein the distinguishing peculiarity of his understanding, of his disposition, even of his way of writing, consists. It seems quite a simple style that of his ; remarkable chiefly for its calmness, its perspicuity, in short, its commonness ; and yet it is the most uncommon of all styles ; we feel as if every one might imitate it, and yet it is inimitable. As hard is it to discover in his writings, — though there also, as in every man's writings, the character of the writer must lie recorded, — what sort of spiritual



construction he has, what are his temper, his affections, his individual specialities. For all lives freely within him : Philina and Clärchen, Mephistopheles and Mignon, are alike indifferent, or alike dear to him ; he is of no sect or caste : he seems not this man, or that man, but a man. We reckon this to be the characteristic of a master of art of any sort ; and true especially of all great poets. How true is it of Shakespeare and Homer ! Who knows, or can figure what the man Shakespeare was, by the first, by the twentieth, perusal of his works ? He is a voice coming to us from the land of melody : his old brick dwelling-place, in the mere earthly burgh of Stratford-on-Avon, offers us the most inexplicable enigma. And what is Homer in the *Ilias* ? He is The Witness ; he has seen, and he reveals it ; we hear and believe, but do not behold him. Now compare, with these two poets, any other two ; not of equal genius, for there are none such, but of equal sincerity, who wrote as earnestly, and from the heart, like them. Take, for instance, Jean Paul and Lord Byron. The good Richter begins to show himself, in his broad, massive, kindly, quaint significance, before we have read many pages of even his slightest work ; and to the last, he paints himself much better than his subject. Byron may also be said to have painted nothing else than

himself, be his subject what it might. Yet as a test for the culture of a poet, in his poetical capacity, for his pretensions to mastery and completeness in his art, we cannot but reckon this among the surest. Tried by this, there is no living writer that approaches within many degrees of Goethe.

Thus, it would seem, we consider Goethe to be a richly educated poet, no less than a richly educated man; a master both of humanity and of poetry; one to whom experience has given true wisdom, and the "melodies eternal" a perfect utterance for his wisdom. Of the particular form which this humanity, this wisdom has assumed; of his opinions, character, personality, — for these, with whatever difficulty, are and must be decipherable in his writings, — we had much to say: but this also we must decline. In the present state of matters, to speak adequately would be a task too hard for us, and one in which our readers could afford little help, nay, in which many of them might take little interest. Meanwhile, we have found a brief cursory sketch on this subject, already written in our language: some parts of it, by way of preparation, we shall here transcribe. It is written by a professed admirer of Goethe; nay, as might almost seem, by a grateful learner, whom he had taught, whom he had helped to lead out of spiritual ob-

struction, into peace and light. Making due allowance for all this, there is little in the paper that we object to.

“ In Goethe’s mind,” observes he, “ the first aspect that strikes us is its calmness, then its beauty ; a deeper inspection reveals to us its vastness and unmeasured strength. This man rules, and is not ruled. The stern and fiery energies of a most passionate soul lie silent in the centre of his being ; a trembling sensibility has been inured to stand, without flinching or murmur, the sharpest trials. Nothing outward, nothing inward, shall agitate or control him. The brightest and most capricious fancy, the most piercing and inquisitive intellect, the wildest and deepest imagination ; the highest thrills of joy, the bitterest pangs of sorrow : all these are his, he is not theirs. While he moves every heart from its steadfastness, his own is firm and still : the words that search into the inmost recesses of our nature, he pronounces with a tone of coldness and equanimity ; in the deepest pathos he weeps not, or his tears are like water trickling from a rock of adamant. He is king of himself and of his world ; nor does he rule it like a vulgar great man, like a Napoleon or Charles the Twelfth, by the mere brute exertion of his will, grounded on no principle, or on a false one : his faculties and feelings are not fettered or prostrated under the iron sway of passion, but led and guided in kindly union under the mild sway of reason ; as the fierce primeval elements of chaos were stilled at the coming of light, and bound together, under

its soft vesture, into a glorious and beneficent creation.

“This is the true rest of man ; the dim aim of every human soul, the full attainment of only a chosen few. It comes not unsought to any ; but the wise are wise because they think no price too high for it. Goethe’s inward home has been reared by slow and laborious efforts ; but it stands on no hollow or deceitful basis : for his peace is not from blindness, but from clear vision ; not from uncertain hope of alteration, but from sure insight into what cannot alter. His world seems once to have been desolate and baleful as that of the darkest sceptic : but he has covered it anew with beauty and solemnity, derived from deeper sources, over which doubt can have no sway. He has inquired fearlessly, and fearlessly searched out and denied the false ; but he has not forgotten, what is equally essential and infinitely harder, to search out and admit the true. His heart is still full of warmth, though his head is clear and cold ; the world for him is still full of grandeur, though he clothes it with no false colors ; his fellow-creatures are still objects of reverence and love, though their basenesses are plainer to no eye than to his. To reconcile these contradictions is the task of all good men, each for himself, in his own way and manner ; a task which in our age is encompassed with difficulties peculiar to the time ; and which Goethe seems to have accomplished with a success that few can rival. A mind so in unity with itself, even though it were a poor and small one, would arrest our attention, and win some kind regard from us ; but when this mind ranks

among the strongest and most complicated of the species, it becomes a sight full of interest, a study full of deep instruction.

“Such a mind as Goethe’s is the fruit not only of a royal endowment by Nature, but also of a culture proportionate to her bounty. In Goethe’s original form of spirit we discern the highest gifts of manhood, without any deficiency of the lower : he has an eye and a heart equally for the sublime, the common and the ridiculous ; the elements at once of a poet, a thinker, and a wit. Of his culture we have often spoken already ; and it deserves again to be held up to praise and imitation. This, as he himself unostentatiously confesses, has been the soul of all his conduct, the great enterprise of his life ; and few that understand him will be apt to deny that he has prospered. As a writer, his resources have been accumulated from nearly all the provinces of human intellect and activity ; and he has trained himself to use these complicated instruments with a light expertness which we might have admired in the professor of a solitary department. Freedom, and grace, and smiling earnestness are the characteristics of his works : the matter of them flows along in chaste abundance, in the softest combination ; and their style is referred to by native critics as the highest specimen of the German tongue.

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“But Goethe’s culture as a writer is perhaps less remarkable than his culture as a man. He has learned not in head only, but also in heart ; not from art and literature, but also by action and passion, in the rugged school of experience.

If asked what was the grand characteristic of his writings, we should not say knowledge, but wisdom. A mind that has seen, and suffered, and done, speaks to us of what it has tried and conquered. A gay delineation will give us notice of dark and toilsome experiences, of business done in the great deep of the spirit; a maxim, trivial to the careless eye, will rise with light and solution over long perplexed periods of our own history. It is thus that heart speaks to heart, that the life of one man becomes a possession to all. Here is a mind of the most subtle and tumultuous elements; but it is governed in peaceful diligence, and its impetuous and ethereal faculties work softly together for good and noble ends. Goethe may be called a philosopher; for he loves and has practised as a man the wisdom which as a poet he inculcates. Composure and cheerful seriousness seem to breathe over all his character. There is no whining over human woes: it is understood that we must simply all strive to alleviate or remove them. There is no noisy battling for opinions; but a persevering effort to make Truth lovely and recommend her, by a thousand avenues, to the hearts of all men. Of his personal manners we can easily believe the universal report, as often given in the way of censure as of praise, that he is a man of consummate breeding and the state-liest presence; for an air of polished tolerance, of courtly, we might almost say, majestic repose and serene humanity, is visible throughout his works. In no line of them does he speak with asperity of any man; scarcely ever even of a

thing. He knows the good, and loves it ; he knows the bad and hateful, and rejects it ; but in neither case with violence, his love is calm and active ; his rejection is implied, rather than pronounced ; meek and gentle, though we see that it is thorough, and never to be revoked. The noblest and the basest he not only seems to comprehend, but to personate and body forth in their most secret lineaments : hence actions and opinions appear to him as they are, with all the circumstances which extenuate or endear them to the hearts where they originated and are entertained. This also is the spirit of our Shakespeare, and perhaps of every great dramatic poet. Shakespeare is no sectarian ; to all he deals with equity and mercy ; because he knows all, and his heart is wide enough for all. In his mind the world is a whole ; he figures it as Providence governs it ; and to him it is not strange that the sun should be caused to shine on the evil and the good, and the rain to fall on the just and the unjust."

Considered as a transient far-off view of Goethe in his personal character, all this, from the writer's peculiar point of vision, may have its true grounds, and wears at least the aspect of sincerity. We may also quote something of what follows on Goethe's character as a poet and thinker, and the contrast he exhibits in this respect with another celebrated and now altogether European author.

"Goethe," observes this critic, "has been called the "German Voltaire" ; but it is a name

which does him wrong and describes him ill. Except in the corresponding variety of their pursuits and knowledge, in which, perhaps, it does Voltaire wrong, the two cannot be compared. Goethe is all, or the best of all, that Voltaire was, and he is much that Voltaire did not dream of. To say nothing of his dignified and truthful character as a man, he belongs, as a thinker and a writer, to a far higher class than this *enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta*. He is not a questioner and a despiser, but a teacher and a reverencer; not a destroyer, but a builder-up; not a wit only, but a wise man. Of him Montesquieu could not have said, with even epigrammatic truth: *Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a*. Voltaire is the *cleverest* of all past and present men; but a great man is something more, and this he surely was not."

Whether this epigram, which we have seen in some biographical dictionary, really belongs to Montesquieu, we know not; but it does seem to us not wholly inapplicable to Voltaire, and at all events, highly expressive of an important distinction among men of talent generally. In fact, the popular man, and the man of true, at least of great originality, are seldom one and the same; we suspect that, till after a long struggle on the part of the latter, they are never so. Reasons are obvious enough. The popular man stands on our own level, or a hairsbreadth higher; he



shows us a truth which we can see without shifting our present intellectual position. This is a highly convenient arrangement. The original man, again, stands above us ; he wishes to wrench us from our old fixtures, and elevate us to a higher and clearer level ; but to quit our old fixtures, especially if we have sat in them with moderate comfort for some score or two of years, is no such easy business ; accordingly we demur, we resist, we even give battle ; we still suspect that he is above us, but try to persuade ourselves (laziness and vanity earnestly assenting) that he is below. For is it not the very essence of such a man that he be *new* ? And who will warrant us that, at the same time, he shall only be an intensation and continuation of the *old*, which in general, is what we long and look for ? No one can warrant us. And, granting him to be a man of real genius, real depth, and that speaks not till after earnest meditation, what sort of a philosophy were his, could *we* estimate the length, breadth and thickness of it at a single glance ? And when did criticism give two glances ? Criticism, therefore, opens on such a man its greater and its lesser batteries, on every side ; he has no security but to go on disregarding it ; and “in the end,” says Goethe, “criticism itself comes to relish that method.” But now let a speaker of the other class come forward ;

one of those men that "have more than any one, the opinion which all men have"! No sooner does he speak, than all and sundry of us feel as if we had been wishing to speak that very thing, as if we ourselves might have spoken it, and forthwith resounds from the united universe a celebration of that surprising feat. What clearness, brilliancy, justness, penetration! Who can doubt that this man is right, when so many thousand votes are ready to back him? Doubtless, he is right; doubtless, he is a clever man; and his praise will long be in all the magazines.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best. "The instruction they can give us is like baked bread, savory and satisfying for a single day"; but, unhappily, "flour cannot be sown, and seed-corn ought not to be ground." We proceed with our critic in his contrast of Goethe with Voltaire.

"As poets," continues he, "the two live not in the same hemisphere, not in the same world. Of Voltaire's poetry, it were blindness to deny the polished, intellectual vigor, the logical symmetry, the flashes that from time to time give it the color, if not the warmth, of fire: but it is in a far other sense than this that Goethe is a poet; in a sense of which the French literature has never afforded any example. We may venture to say of him, that his province is high and peculiar; higher than any poet but himself, for several

generations, has so far succeeded in, perhaps even has steadfastly attempted. In reading Goethe's poetry, it perpetually strikes us that we are reading the poetry of our own day and generation. No demands are made on our credulity ; the light, the science, the scepticism of our age, is not hid from us. He does not deal in antiquated mythologies, or ring changes on traditionary poetic forms ; there are no supernal, no infernal influences, — for *Faust* is an apparent, rather than a real exception ; — but there is the barren prose of the nineteenth century, the vulgar life which we are all leading, and it starts into strange beauty in his hands, and we pause in delighted wonder to behold the flowerage of poesy blooming in that parched and rugged soil. This is the end of his *Mignons* and *Harpers*, of his *Hermanns* and *Meisters*. Poetry, as he views it, exists not in time or place, but in the spirit of man ; and Art with Nature is now to perform for the poet what Nature alone performed of old. The divinities and demons, the witches, spectres and fairies, are vanished from the world, never again to be recalled : but the imagination which created these still lives, and will forever live in man's soul ; and can again pour its wizard light over the universe, and summon forth enchantments as lovely or impressive, and which its sister faculties will not contradict. To say that Goethe has accomplished all this, would be to say that his genius is greater than was ever given to any man : for if it was a high and glorious mind, or rather series of minds, that peopled the first ages with their peculiar forms of

poetry, it must be a series of minds much higher and more glorious that shall so people the present. The angels and demons that can lay prostrate our hearts in the nineteenth century must be of another and more cunning fashion than those who subdued us in the ninth. To have attempted, to have begun this enterprise, may be accounted the greatest praise. That Goethe ever meditated it, in the form here set forth, we have no direct evidence : but, indeed, such is the end and aim of high poetry at all times and seasons ; for the fiction of the poet is not falsehood, but the purest truth ; and, if he would lead captive our whole being, not rest satisfied with a part of it, he must address us on interests that *are*, not that *were* ours ; and in a dialect which finds a response, and not a contradiction, within our bosoms."

Here, however, we must terminate our pilferings or open robberies, and bring these straggling lucubrations to a close. In the extracts we have given, in the remarks made on them and on the subject of them, we are aware that we have held the attitude of admirers and pleaders : neither is it unknown to us that the critic is, in virtue of his office, a judge, and not an advocate ; sits there, not to do favor, but to dispense justice, which in most cases will involve blame as well as praise. But we are firm believers in the maxim that, for all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful, nay, essential, to

see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad. This maxim is so clear to ourselves, that, in respect to poetry at least, we almost think we could make it clear to other men. In the first place, at all events, it is a much shallower and more ignoble occupation to detect faults than to discover beauties. The "critic fly," if it do but alight on any plinth or single cornice of a brave stately building, shall be able to declare, with its half-inch vision, that here is a speck, and there an inequality; that, in fact, this and the other individual stone are nowise as they should be; for all this the "critic fly" will be sufficient: but to take in the fair relations of the whole, to see the building as one object, to estimate its purpose, the adjustment of its parts, and their harmonious co-operation towards that purpose, will require the eye and the mind of a Vitruvius or a Palladio. But further, the faults of a poem, or other piece of art, as we view them at first, will by no means continue unaltered when we view them after due and final investigation. Let us consider what we mean by a fault. By the word fault we designate something that displeases us, that contradicts us. But here the question might arise: Who are *we*? This fault displeases, contradicts *us*; so far is clear; and had *we*, had *I*, and *my* pleasure and confirmation been the chief end of the

poet, then doubtless he has failed in that end, and his fault remains a fault irremediably, and without defence. But who shall say whether such really was his object, whether such ought to have been his object? And if it was not, and ought not to have been, what becomes of the fault? It must hang altogether undecided; we as yet, know nothing of it; perhaps it may not be the poet's, but our own fault; perhaps it may be no fault whatever. To see rightly into this matter, to determine with any infallibility, whether what we call a fault *is* in very deed a fault, we must previously have settled two points, neither of which may be so readily settled. First, we must have made plain to ourselves what the poet's aim really and truly was, how the task he had to do stood before his own eye, and how far, with such means as it afforded him, he has fulfilled it. Secondly, we must have decided whether, and how far, this aim, this task of his, accorded, — not with *us*, and our individual crotchets, and the crotchets of our little senate where we give or take the law, — but with human nature, and the nature of things at large; with the universal principles of poetic beauty, not as they stand written in our text-books, but in the hearts and imaginations of all men. Does the answer in either case come out unfavorable; was there an inconsistency

between the means and the end, a discordance between the end and truth, there is a fault ; was there not, there is no fault.

Thus would it appear that the detection of faults, provided they be faults of any depth and consequence, leads us of itself into that region where also the higher beauties of the piece, if it have any true beauties, essentially reside. In fact, according to our view, no man can pronounce dogmatically, with even a chance of being right, on the faults of a poem, until he has seen its very last and highest beauty ; the last in becoming visible to any one, which few ever look after, which indeed in most pieces it were very vain to look after ; the beauty of the poem as a whole, in the strict sense ; the clear view of it as an indivisible unity ; and whether it has grown up naturally from the general soil of thought, and stands there like a thousand-years oak, no leaf, no bough superfluous ; or is nothing but a paste-board tree, cobbled together out of size and waste-paper and water-colors ; altogether unconnected with the soil of thought, except by mere juxtaposition, or at best united with it by some decayed *stump* and *dead boughs*, which the more cunning decorationist (as in your historic novel) may have selected for the basis and support of his agglutinations. It is true, most readers judge of a poem by pieces, they praise and blame

by pieces ; it is a common practice, and for most poems and most readers may be perfectly sufficient : yet we would advise no man to follow this practice, who traces in himself even the slightest capability of following a better one ; and, if possible, we would advise him to practise only on worthy subjects ; to read few poems that will not bear being studied as well as read.

That Goethe has his faults cannot be doubtful ; for we believe it was ascertained long ago that there is no man free from them. Neither are we ourselves without some glimmering of certain actual limitations and inconsistencies by which he too, as he really lives and writes and is, may be hemmed in ; which beset him too, as they do meaner men ; which show us that he too is a son of Eve. But to exhibit these before our readers, in the present state of matters, we should reckon no easy labor, were it to be adequately, to be justly done ; and done anyhow, no profitable one. Better is it we should first study him ; better to "*see* the great man before attempting to *oversee* him." We are not ignorant that certain objections against Goethe already float vaguely in the English mind, and here and there, according to occasion, have even come to utterance : these, as the study of him proceeds, we shall hold ourselves ready, in due season, to discuss ; but for the present



we must beg the reader to believe, on our word, that we do not reckon them unanswerable, nay, that we reckon them in general the most answerable things in the world; and things which even a little increase of knowledge will not fail to answer without other help.

For furthering such increase of knowledge on this matter, may we beg the reader to accept two small pieces of advice, which we ourselves have found to be of use in studying Goethe. They seem applicable to the study of foreign literature generally; indeed to the study of all literature that deserves the name.

The first is, nowise to suppose that poetry is a superficial, cursory business, which may be seen through to the very bottom, so soon as one inclines to cast his eye on it. We reckon it the falsest of all maxims, that a true poem can be adequately *tasted*; can be judged of "as men judge of a dinner," by some internal *tongue*, that shall decide on the matter at once and irrevocably. Of the poetry which supplies spouting-clubs, and circulates in circulating libraries, we speak not here. That is quite another species; which has circulated, and will circulate, and ought to circulate, in all times; but for the study of which no man is required to give rules, the rules being already given by the thing itself. We speak of that poetry which masters write, which aims

not at "furnishing a languid mind with fantastic shows and indolent emotions," but at incorporating the everlasting reason of man in forms visible to his sense, and suitable to it : and of this we say, that to know it is no slight task ; but rather that, being the essence of all science, it requires the purest of all study for knowing it. "What !" cries the reader, "are we to *study* poetry ? To pore over it as we do over Fluxions ?" Reader, it depends upon your object : if you want only *amusement*, choose your book, and you get along, without study, excellently well. "But is not Shakespeare plain, visible to the very bottom, without study ?" cries he. Alas, no, gentle reader ; we cannot think so ; we do not find that he is visible to the very bottom even to those that profess the study of him. It has been our lot to read some criticisms on Shakespeare, and to hear a great many ; but for most part they amounted to no such "visibility." Volumes we have seen that were simply one huge interjection printed over three hundred pages. Nine tenths of our critics have told us little more of Shakespeare than what honest Franz Horn says our neighbors used to tell of him, "that he was a great spirit, and stept majestically along." Johnson's Preface, a sound and solid piece for its purpose, is a complete exception to this rule ; and, so far as we remember, the only complete one. Students

of poetry admire Shakespeare in their tenth year; but go on admiring him more and more, understanding him more and more, till their threescore-and-tenth. Grotius said he read Terence otherwise than boys do. "Happy contractedness of youth," adds Goethe, "nay of men in general; that at all moments of their existence they can look upon themselves as complete; and inquire neither after the true nor the false, nor the high nor the deep; but simply after what is proportioned to themselves."

Our second advice we shall state in few words. It is, to remember that a foreigner is no Englishman; that in judging a foreign work, it is not enough to ask whether it is suitable to our *modes*, but whether it is suitable to foreign *wants*; above all, whether it is suitable to *itself*. The fairness, the necessity of this can need no demonstration; yet how often do we find it, in practice, altogether neglected! We could fancy we saw some Bond-street tailor criticising the costume of an ancient Greek; censuring the highly improper cut of collar and lapel; lamenting, indeed, that collar and lapel were nowhere to be seen. He pronounces the costume, easily and decisively, to be a barbarous one; to know whether it *is* a barbarous one, and how barbarous, the judgment of a Winkelmann might be required, and he would find it hard

to give a judgment. For the questions set before the two were radically different. The Fraction asked himself: How will this look in Almack's, and before Lord Mahogany? The Winkelmann asked himself: How will this look in the universe, and before the Creator of man?

Whether these remarks of ours may do anything to forward a right appreciation of Goethe in this country, we know not; neither do we reckon this last result to be of any vital importance. Yet must we believe that, in recommending Goethe, we are doing our part to recommend a truer study of poetry itself; and happy were we to fancy that any efforts of ours could promote such an object. Promoted, attained, it will be, as we believe, by one means and another. A deeper feeling for art is abroad over Europe; a purer, more earnest purpose in the study, in the practice of it. In this influence we too must participate: the time will come when our own ancient noble literature will be studied and felt, as well as talked of; when dilettantism will give place to criticism in respect of it; and vague wonder end in clear knowledge, in sincere reverence, and, what were best of all, in hearty emulation.





## SUMMARY.

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**G**OETHE'S unexampled reputation. A man's "fame" no test of his real worth. (3 - 13.) Goethe, a man who had struggled toughly: Spiritual growth of his mind as exhibited in his successive works: He became a believer, not by denying his unbelief, but by following it out. Unbounded popularity and influence of his two earliest works. Lifeless condition of the literary world previous to the publication of the *Sorrows of Werter*. Germany: England: Influence of Locke. The French had discovered that "as the stomach secretes chyle, so does the brain secrete thought." Poetry degraded to a useful stimulant; and religion to a superfluity by all means to be got rid of: Unbelief pressing with incubus force on the greater part of Europe. (14 - 25.) The poet a citizen not only of his country, but of his time: *Werter* the cry of that dim, rooted pain, under which thoughtful men everywhere were languishing: Byron's life-weariness. Specimen of *Werter's* philosophy. Goethe's own account of the state of mind in which his *Sorrows of Werter*

originated. (26 - 37.) His mental growth and attainment of victorious peace, evinced by *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. Extract, showing the character and high vocation of the poet; Goethe's faithfulness to that ideal. English and German criticisms of *Meister*. (38 - 49.) The *Wanderjahre*; its high and melodious wisdom. Extracts, showing Goethe's view of the nature, objects, and present ground of religious belief; Symbolic picture of the moral culture of childhood: Reverence: Significance of the Israelitish history; the divine life of Christ, as distinguished from his divine death; the sanctuary of sorrow. (50 - 67.) Few men of his age have arisen so triumphantly as Goethe, above all manner of doubt and discontent, into the freedom of actual belief and clear activity. Among our own poets, Byron alone struggled manfully to the end; and he died while the victory was, at best, only beginning to be gained. Goethe's literary claims: His peculiar emblematic intellect: Entire freedom from mannerism. His spiritual characteristics. Distinction between the original man and the merely popular man. Contrast of Goethe and Voltaire. (68 - 83.) To judge a man rightly, we must see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad. What we mean by "a fault." The highest and noblest beauty of a poem. Goethe's faults. A true poem not to be judged of by mere *taste*. Happy contractedness of men in general: Fractional and universal standards. A deeper feeling for art abroad over Europe. Our own ancient noble literature will one day be studied and felt, as well as talked of. (84 - 92.)



THE TALE.









## THE TALE.<sup>1</sup>



**W**HAT Goethe, many years ago, wrote a piece named *Das Märchen* (The Tale), which the admiring critics of Germany contrived to criticise by a stroke of the pen, declaring that it was indeed *The Tale*, and worthy to be called the Tale of Tales (*das Märchen aller Märchen*), may appear certain to most English readers, for they have repeatedly seen as much in print. To some English readers it may appear certain, furthermore, that they personally know this Tale of Tales, and can even pronounce it to deserve no such epithet, and the admiring critics of Germany to be little other than blockheads.

English readers ! the first certainty is alto-

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\* Originally printed in Fraser's Magazine.

gether indubitable; the second certainty is not worth a rush.

That same *Mährchen aller Mährchen* you may see with your own eyes, at this hour, in the fifteenth volume of *Goethes Werke*; and seeing is believing. On the other hand, that English "Tale of Tales," put forth some years ago as the translation thereof, by an individual connected with the periodical press of London (his periodical vehicle, if we remember, broke down soon after, and was rebuilt, and still runs, under the name of *Court Journal*), was a translation, miserable enough, of a quite different thing; a thing, not a *Mährchen* (fabulous tale) at all, but an *Erzählung*, or common fictitious narrative, having no manner of relation to the real piece (beyond standing in the same volume); not so much as Milton's *Tetrachordon* of Divorce has to his *Allegro* and *Penferoso*! In this way do individuals connected with the periodical press of London play their part, and commodiously befool thee, O public of English readers, and can serve thee with a mass of roasted grass, and name it stewed venison; and will continue to do so, till thou — open thy eyes, and from a blind monster become a seeing one.

This mistake we did not publicly note at the time of its occurrence, for two good reasons : first, that while mistakes are increasing, like population, at the rate of twelve hundred a day, the benefit of seizing *one*, and throttling it, would be perfectly inconsiderable ; second, that we were not then in existence. The highly composite astonishing entity, which here as "O. Y." addresses mankind for a season, still slumbered (his elements scattered over infinitude, and working under other shapes) in the womb of nothing ! Meditate on us a little, O reader : if thou wilt consider who and what we are ; what powers, of cash, esurience, intelligence, stupidity, and mystery created us, and what work we do and will do, there shall be no end to thy amazement.

This mistake, however, we do now note ; induced thereto by occasion. By the fact, namely, that a genuine English translation of that *Mährchen* has been handed in to us for judgment, and now (such judgment having proved merciful) comes out from us in the way of publication. Of the translation we cannot say much ; by the color of the paper, it may be some seven years old, and have lain perhaps in smoky repositories : it is not a good transla-

tion; yet also not wholly bad; faithful to the original (as we can vouch, after strict trial); conveys the real meaning, though with an effort: here and there our pen has striven to help it, but could not do much. The poor translator—who signs himself “D. T.,” and affects to carry matters with a high hand, though, as we have ground to surmise, he is probably in straits for the necessities of life—has, at a more recent date, appended numerous notes, wherein he will convince himself that more meaning lies in his *Mährchen* “than in all the literature of our century”: some of these we have retained, now and then with an explanatory or exculpatory word of our own; the most we have cut away as superfluous and even absurd. Superfluous and even absurd, we say: D. T. can take this of us as he likes; we know him, and what is in him, and what is not in him; believe that he will prove reasonable; can do either way. At all events, let one of the notablest performances produced for the last thousand years be now, through his organs (since no other, in this elapsed half-century, have offered themselves), set before an undiscerning public.

We too will premise our conviction that this

*Mährchen* presents a phantasmagoric adumbration, pregnant with deepest significance; though nowise that D. T. has so accurately evolved the same. Listen, notwithstanding, to a remark or two, extracted from his immeasurable Proem.

“Dull men of this country,” says he, “who pretend to admire Goethe, smiled on me when I first asked the meaning of this tale. ‘Meaning!’ answered they: ‘it is a wild arabesque, without meaning or purpose at all, except to dash together, copiously enough, confused hues of imagination, and see what will come of them.’ Such is still the persuasion of several heads; which nevertheless would perhaps grudge to be considered wigblocks.” — Not impossible: the first sin in our universe was Lucifer’s, that of self-conceit. But hear again, what is more to the point: —

“The difficulties of interpretation are exceedingly enhanced by one circumstance, not unusual in other such writings of Goethe’s; namely, that this is no allegory; which, as in the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, you have only once for all to find the key of, and so go on unlocking: it is a phantasmagory, rather, wherein things the most heterogeneous are, with homo-

geneity of figure, emblemed forth; which would require not one key to unlock it, but, at different stages of the business, a dozen successive keys. Here you have epochs of time shadowed forth, there qualities of the human soul; now it is institutions, historical events, now doctrines, philosophic truths; thus are all manner of 'entities and quiddities and ghosts of defunct bodies' set flying; you have the whole four elements chaotico-creatively jumbled together, and spirits enough embodying themselves, and roguishly peering through, in the confused wild-working mass! . . . .

"So much, however, I will stake my whole money-capital and literary character upon: that here is a wonderful Emblem of Universal History set forth; more especially a wonderful emblem of this our wonderful and woful 'age of transition'; what men have been and done, what they are to be and do, is, in this Tale of Tales, poetico-prophetically typified, in such a style of grandeur and celestial brilliancy and life, as the Western imagination has not elsewhere reached; as only the Oriental imagination, and in the primeval ages, was wont to attempt."—Here surely is good

wine, with a big bush! Study the Tale of Tales, O reader: even in the bald version of D. T. there will be meaning found. He continues in this triumphant style: —

“Can any mortal head (not a wigblock) doubt that the Giant of this poem means superstition? That the Ferryman has something to do with the priesthood; his hut with the Church?

“Again, might it not be presumed that the river were Time; and that it flowed (as time does) between two worlds? Call the world, or country on this side, where the fair Lily dwells, the world of Supernaturalism; the country on that side, Naturalism, the working week-day world where we all dwell and toil: whosoever or whatsoever introduces itself, and appears, in the firm-earth of human business, or, as we well say, *comes into* existence, must proceed *from* Lily’s supernatural country; whatsoever of a material sort deceases and disappears might be expected to go *thither*. Let the reader consider this, and note what comes of it.

“To get a free solid communication established over this same wondrous river of Time, so that the natural and supernatural may stand

in friendliest neighborhood and union, forms the grand action of this phantasmagoric poem : is not such also, let me ask thee, the grand action and summary of universal history ; the one problem of human culture ; the thing which mankind (once the three daily meals of victual were moderately secured) has ever striven after, and must ever strive after ? — Alas ! we observe very soon, matters stand on a most distressful footing, in this of natural and supernatural : there are three conveyances across, and all bad, all incidental, temporary, uncertain : the worst of the three, one would think, and the worst conceivable, were the Giant's shadow, at sunrise and sunset ; the best that snake-bridge at noon, yet still only a bad-best. Consider again our trustless, rotten, revolutionary 'age of transition,' and see whether this too does not fit it !

“ If you ask next who these other strange characters are, the Snake, the Will-o'-wisps, the Man with the Lamp, I will answer, in general and afar off, that *light* must signify human insight, cultivation, in one sort or other. As for the Snake, I know not well what name to call it by ; nay, perhaps, in our scanty vocabularies, there is no *name* for it,



though that does not hinder its being a thing, genuine enough. Meditation, intellectual research, understanding, in the most general acceptation, thought,—all these come near designating it; none actually designates it. Were I bound, under legal penalties, to give the creature a name, I should say, Thought rather than another.

“ But what if our Snake, and so much else that works here beside it, were neither a *quality*, nor a *reality*, nor a *state*, nor an *action*, in any kind; none of these things purely and alone, but something intermediate and partaking of them all! In which case, to *name* it, in vulgar speech, were a still more frantic attempt: it is unnamable in speech; and remains only the allegorical figure known in this tale by the name of Snake, and more or less *resembling* and shadowing forth somewhat that speech has named, or might name. It is this heterogeneity of nature, pitching your solidest predicables heels-over-head, throwing you half a dozen categories into the melting-pot at once, that so unspeakably bewilders a commentator, and for moments is nigh reducing him to *delirium saltans*.

“ The Will-o’-wisps, that laugh and jig, and

compliment the ladies, and eat gold and shake it from them, I for my own share take the liberty of viewing as some shadow of elegant culture, or modern fine literature, which by and by became so sceptical-destructive; and did, as French philosophy, eat gold (or wisdom) enough, and shake it out again. In which sense, their coming (into existence) by the old Ferryman's (by the priesthood's) assistance, and almost oversetting his boat, and then laughing at him, and trying to skip off from him, yet being obliged to stop till they had satisfied him: all this, to the discerning eye, has its significance.

“As to the Man with the Lamp, — in him and his *gold-giving*, jewel-forming, and otherwise so miraculous light, which ‘casts no shadow,’ and ‘cannot illuminate what is wholly otherwise in darkness,’ — I see what you might name the celestial Reason of man (reason as contrasted with understanding, and superordinated to it), the purest essence of his seeing faculty; which manifests itself as the spirit of poetry, of prophecy, or whatever else of highest in the intellectual sort man's mind can do. We behold this respectable, venerable lamp-bearer everywhere present in the time of need;

directing, accomplishing, working, wonder-working, finally victorious ; -- as, in strict reality, it is ever (if we will study it) the poetic vision that lies at the bottom of all other knowledge or action ; and is the source and creative fountain of whatsoever mortals *ken* or *can*, and mystically and miraculously guides them forward whither they are to go. Be the man with the lamp, then, named Reason ; mankind's noblest inspired insight and light ; whereof all the other lights are but effluences, and more or less discolored emanations.

“ His wife, poor old woman, we shall call Practical Endeavor ; which, as married to Reason, to spiritual vision and belief, first makes up man's being here below. Unhappily the ancient couple, we find, are but in a decayed condition : the better emblems are they of reason and endeavor in this our ‘ transitionary age ’ ! The man presents himself in the garb of a peasant, the woman has grown old, garrulous, querulous ; both live nevertheless in their ‘ ancient cottage,’ better or worse, the roof-tree of which still holds together over them. And then those mischievous will-o’-wisps, who pay the old lady such court, and eat all the old gold (all that was wise and beautiful and de-

sirable) off her walls; and show the old stones, quite ugly and bare, as they had not been for ages! Besides, they have killed poor Mops, the plaything and joy and fondling of the house; — as has not that same elegant culture, or French philosophy, done, wheresoever it has arrived? Mark, notwithstanding, how the Man with the Lamp puts it all right again, reconciles everything, and makes the finest business out of what seemed the worst.

“With regard to the four kings, and the temple which lies fashioned underground, please to consider all this as the future, lying prepared and certain under the present: you observe, not only inspired reason (or the Man with the lamp), but scientific thought (or the Snake), can discern it lying there: nevertheless, much work must be done, innumerable difficulties fronted and conquered, before it can rise out of the depths (of the future), and realize itself as the actual worshipping-place of man, and ‘the most frequented temple in the whole earth.’

“As for the fair Lily and her ambulatory necessitous prince, these are objects that I shall admit myself incapable of naming, yet nowise admit myself incapable of attaching mean-

ing to. Consider them as the two disjointed halves of this singular dualistic being of ours ; a being, I must say, the most utterly dualistic ; fashioned, from the very heart of it, out of positive and negative (what we happily call light and darkness, necessity and free-will, good and evil, and the like) ; everywhere out of *two* mortally opposed things, which yet must be united in vital love, if there is to be any *life* ; — a being, I repeat, dualistic beyond expressing ; which will split in two, strike it in *any* direction, on *any* of its six sides ; and does of itself split in two (into contradiction), every hour of the day, — were not *life* perpetually there, perpetually knitting it together again ! But as to that cutting up, and parcelling, and labelling of the indivisible human soul into what are called ‘ faculties,’ it is a thing I have from of old eschewed, and even hated. A thing which you *must* sometimes do (or you cannot *speak*) ; yet which is never done without Error hovering near you ; for most part, without her pouncing on you, and quite blind-folding you.

“ Let not us, therefore, in looking at Lily and her prince be tempted to that practice : why should we try to *name* them ‘at all?’

Enough, if we do feel that man's whole being is riven asunder every way (in this 'transitionary age'), and yawning in hostile, irreconcilable contradiction with itself: what good were it to know further in what *direction* the rift (as our poet here pleased to represent it) had taken effect? Fancy, however, that these two halves of man's soul and being are separated, in pain and enchanted obstruction, from one another. The better, fairer half sits in the supernatural country, deadening and killing; alas, not permitted to come across into the natural visible country, and there make all blessed and alive! The rugged, stronger half, in such separation, is quite lamed and paralytic; wretched, forlorn, in a state of death-life, must he wander to and fro over the river of Time; all that is dear and essential to him imprisoned there; which if he look at, he grows still weaker, which if he touch, he dies. Poor prince! And let the judicious reader, who has read the era he lives in, or even spelt the alphabet thereof, say whether, with the paralytic-lamed activity of man (hampered and hamstrung in a 'transitionary age' of scepticism, methodism! atheistic sarcasm, hysteric orgasm, brazen-faced delusion, puffery, hypocrisy, stupidity,

and the whole bill and nothing but the bill), it is not even so. Must not poor man's activity (like this poor prince) wander from natural to supernatural, and back again, disconsolate enough; unable to *do* anything, except merely wring its hands, and, whimpering and blubbering, lamentably inquire, *What* shall I do?

"But courage! courage! The temple is built (though underground), the bridge shall arch itself, the divided two shall clasp each other as flames do, rushing into one; and all that ends well shall be well! Mark only how, in this inimitable poem, worthy of an Olympic crown or prize of the Literary Society, it is misrepresented as proceeding!"

So far D. T.; a commentator who, at least, does not want confidence in himself: whom we shall only caution not to be too confident; to remember always that, as he once says, "Phantasmagory is not allegory"; that much exists, under our very noses, which has no "name," and can get none; that the "river of Time" and so forth may be one thing, or more than one, or none; that, in short, there is risk of the too valiant D. T.'s bamboozling himself in this matter, being led from puddle to pool, and so left standing at last, like a foolish mysti-

fied nose-of-wax, wondering where the devil he is.

To the simpler sort of readers we shall also extend an advice ; or be it rather, proffer a petition. It is to fancy themselves, for the time being, delivered altogether of D. T.'s company ; and to read this *Mährchen* as if it were there only for its own sake, and those tag-rag notes of his were so much blank paper. Let the simpler sort of readers say now how they like it. If, unhappily, on looking back, some spasm of "the malady of thought" begin afflicting them, let such notes be then inquired of, but not till then, and then also with distrust. Pin thy faith to no man's sleeve ; hast thou not two eyes of thy own ?

The commentator himself cannot, it is to be hoped, imagine that he has exhausted the matter. To decipher and represent the *genesis* of this extraordinary production, and what was the author's state of mind in producing it ; to *see*, with dim common eyes, what the great Goethe, with inspired poetic eyes, then saw ; and paint to one's self the thick-coming shapes and many-colored splendors of his "Prospero's Grotto," at that hour, — this were what we could call complete criticism and commentary ; what D.



T. is far from having done, and ought to fall on his face and confess that he can never do.

We shall conclude with remarking two things : first, that D. T. does not appear to have set eye on any of those German commentaries on this Tale of Tales, or even to have heard, credently, that such exist, — an omission, in a professed translator, which he himself may answer for ; secondly, that with all his boundless pre-luding, he has forgotten to insert the author's own prelude, the passage, namely, by which this *Mährchen* is specially ushered in, and the keynote of it struck by the composer himself, and the tone of the whole prescribed ! This latter altogether glaring omission we now charitably supply ; and then let D. T. and his illustrious original and the readers of this magazine take it among them. Turn to the latter part of the *Deutschen Ausgewanderten* (page 208, Volume XV. of the last edition of *Goethes Werke*) ; it is written there, as we render it.

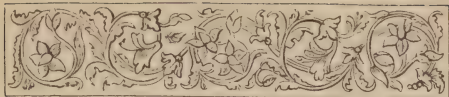
“ ‘The Imagination,’ said Karl, ‘is a fine faculty ; yet I like not when she works on what has actually happened : the airy forms she creates are welcome as things of their own kind ; but uniting with Truth she produces oftenest nothing but monsters ; and seems to me, in

such cases, to fly into direct variance with reason and common-sense. She ought, you might say, to hang upon no object, to force no object on us; she must, if she is to produce works of art, play like a sort of music upon us; move us within ourselves, and this in such a way that we forget there is anything without us producing the movement.'

" 'Proceed no further,' said the old man, 'with your conditionings! To enjoy a product of imagination, this also is a condition, that we enjoy it unconditionally; for Imagination herself cannot condition and bargain; she must wait what shall be given her. She forms no plans, prescribes for herself no path; but is borne and guided by her own pinions; and, hovering hither and thither, marks out the strangest courses, which in their direction are ever altering. Let me but on my evening walk call up again to life within me some wondrous figures I was wont to play with in earlier years. This night I promise you a tale which shall remind you of nothing and of all.' "

And now for it.

O. Y.



## THE TALE ("DAS MÄHRCHEN.")

**I**N his little hut, by the great river, which a heavy rain had swollen to overflowing, lay the ancient Ferryman, asleep, wearied by the toil of the day. In the middle of the night \* loud voices awoke him; he heard that it was travellers wishing to be carried over.

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\* In the middle of the night, truly! In the middle of the Dark Ages, when what with Moham-medan conquests, what with Christian crusadings, destructions of Constantinople, discoveries of America, the Time-river was indeed swollen to overflowing; and the *Ignes Fatui* (of elegant culture, of literature) must needs feel in haste to get over into existence, being much wanted; and apply to the priesthood, (respectable old Ferryman, roused out of sleep thereby!) who willingly introduced them, mischievous, ungrateful imps as they were. — D. T.

Stepping out, he saw two large Will-o'-wisps, hovering to and fro on his boat, which lay moored: they said they were in violent haste, and should have been already on the other side. The old Ferryman made no loitering; pushed off, and steered with his usual skill obliquely through the stream; while the two strangers whiffled and hissed together in an unknown very rapid tongue, and every now and then broke out in loud laughter, hopping about, at one time on the gunwale and the seats, at another on the bottom of the boat.

"The boat is heeling!" cried the old man; "if you don't be quiet, it will upset; be seated, gentlemen of the wisp!"

At this advice they burst into a fit of laughter, mocked the old man, and were more unquiet than ever. He bore their mischief with patience, and soon reached the farther shore.

"Here is for your labor!" cried the travellers; and as they shook themselves, a heap of glittering gold-pieces jingled down into the wet boat. "For Heaven's sake, what are you about?" cried the old man; "you will ruin me forever! Had a single piece of gold got into the water, the stream, which cannot suffer gold, would have risen in horrid waves, and swal-

lowed both my skiff and me; and who knows how it might have fared with you in that case? Here, take back your gold."

"We can take nothing back, which we have once shaken from us," said the Lights.

"Then you give me the trouble," said the old man, stooping down, and gathering the pieces into his cap, "of raking them together, and carrying them ashore and burying them,"

The Lights had leaped from the boat, but the old man cried: "Stay; where is my fare?"

"If you take no gold, you may work for nothing," cried the Will-o'-wisps. "You must know that I am only to be paid with fruits of the earth." "Fruits of the earth? We despise them, and have never tasted them." "And yet I cannot let you go till you have promised that you will deliver me three cabbages, three artichokes, and three large onions."

The Lights were making off with jests; but they felt themselves, in some inexplicable manner, fastened to the ground: it was the unpleasantest feeling they had ever had. They engaged to pay him his demand as soon as possible, he let them go, and pushed away. He was gone a good distance when they called to him: "Old man! Holla, old man! the main

point is forgotten!"\* He was off, however, and did not hear them. He had fallen quietly down that side of the river, where, in a rocky spot, which the water never reached, he meant to bury the pernicious gold. Here, between two high crags, he found a monstrous chasm, shook the metal into it, and steered back to his cottage.

Now in this chasm lay the fair green Snake, who was roused from her sleep by the gold coming chinking down.† No sooner did she fix her eye on the glittering coins than she ate them all up, with the greatest relish, on the spot, and carefully picked out such pieces as were scattered in the chinks of the rock.

Scarcely had she swallowed them, when, with extreme delight, she began to feel the metal melting in her inwards and spreading all over her body; and soon, to her lively joy, she observed that she was grown transparent and

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\* What could this be? To ask whither their next road lay? It was useless to ask them: the respectable old priesthood "did not hear them." — D. T.

† Thought, Understanding, roused from her long sleep by the first produce of modern Belles-Lettres; which she eagerly devours. — D. T.

luminous. Long ago she had been told that this was possible ; but now being doubtful whether such a light could last, her curiosity, and the desire to be secure against the future, drove her from her cell, that she might see who it was that had shaken in this precious metal. She found no one. The more delightful was it to admire her own appearance, and her graceful brightness, as she crawled along through roots and bushes, and spread out her light among the grass. Every leaf seemed of emerald, every flower was dyed with new glory. It was in vain that she crossed the solitary thickets ; but her hopes rose high, when, on reaching the open country, she perceived from afar a brilliancy resembling her own. “ Shall I find my like at last, then ? ” cried she, and hastened to the spot. The toil of crawling through bog and reeds gave her little thought ; for though she liked best to live in dry grassy spots of the mountains, among the clefts of rocks, and for most part fed on spicy herbs, and slaked her thirst with mild dew and fresh spring-water, yet for the sake of this dear gold, and in the hope of this glorious light, she would have undertaken anything you could propose to her.

At last, with much fatigue, she reached a wet rushy spot in the swamp, where our two Will-o'-wisps were frisking to and fro. She shoved herself along to them; saluted them, was happy to meet such pleasant gentlemen related to her family. The Lights glided towards her, skipped up over her, and laughed in their fashion. "Lady cousin," said they, "you are of the horizontal line, yet what of that? It is true we are related only by the look; for, observe you," — here both the Flames, compressing their whole breadth, made themselves as high and peaked as possible, — "how prettily this taper length befits us gentlemen of the vertical line! Take it not amiss of us, good lady; what family can boast of such a thing? Since there ever was a Jack-o'-lantern in the world, no one of them has either sat or lain."

The Snake felt exceedingly uncomfortable in the company of these relations; for, let her hold her head as high as possible, she found that she must bend it to the earth again, would she stir from the spot; \* and if in the dark

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\* True enough: Thought cannot fly and dance, as your wildfire of Belles-Lettres may; she proceeds in the systole-diastole, up-and-down method; and



thicket she had been extremely satisfied with her appearance, her splendor in the presence of these cousins seemed to lessen every moment, nay, she was afraid that at last it would go out entirely.

In this embarrassment she hastily asked if the gentlemen could not inform her whence the glittering gold came, that had fallen a short while ago into the cleft of the rock ; her own opinion was, that it had been a golden shower, and had trickled down direct from the sky. The Will-o'-wisps laughed, and shook themselves, and a multitude of gold-pieces came clinking down about them. The Snake pushed nimbly forwards to eat the coin. "Much good may it do you, mistress," said the dapper gentlemen ; "we can help you a little more." They shook themselves again several times with great quickness, so that the Snake could scarcely gulp the precious victuals fast enough. Her splendor visibly began increasing ; she was really shining beautifully, while the Lights had in the mean time grown rather lean and short

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must ever "bend her head to the earth again" (in the way of Baconian experiment), or she will not stir from the spot. — D. T.

of stature, without, however, in the smallest losing their good-humor.

"I am obliged to you forever," said the Snake, having got her wind again after the repast; "ask of me what you will; all that I can I will do."

"Very good!" cried the Lights. "Then tell us where the fair Lily dwells. Lead us to the fair Lily's palace and garden, and do not lose a moment; we are dying of impatience to fall down at her feet."

"This service," said the Snake with a deep sigh, "I cannot now do for you. The fair Lily dwells, alas, on the other side of the water." "Other side of the water? And we have come across it, this stormy night! How cruel is the river to divide us! Would it not be possible to call the old man back?"

"It would be useless," said the Snake; "for if you found him ready on the bank, he would not take you in; he can carry any one to this side, none to yonder."

"Here is a pretty kettle of fish!" cried the Lights; "are there no other means of getting through the water?" "There are other means, but not at this moment. I myself could take you over, gentlemen, but not till noon."

“That is an hour we do not like to travel in.”  
“Then you may go across this evening, on the great Giant’s shadow.” “How is that?”  
“The great Giant lives not far from this; with his body he has no power; his hands cannot lift a straw, his shoulders could not bear a fagot of twigs; but with his shadow he has power over much, nay, all.\* At sunrise and sunset, therefore, he is strongest; so at evening you merely put yourself upon the back of his shadow, the Giant walks softly to the bank, and the shadow carries you across the water. But if you please, about the hour of noon, to be in waiting at that corner of the wood where the bushes overhang the bank, I myself will take you over and present you to the fair Lily: or, on the other hand, if you dislike the noon-tide, you have just to go at nightfall to that bend of the rocks, and pay a visit to the Giant; he will certainly receive you like a gentleman.”

With a slight bow, the Flames went off; and the Snake at bottom was not discontented to

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\* Is not Superstition strongest when the sun is low, — with body, powerless; with shadow, omnipotent? — D. T.

get rid of them ; partly that she might enjoy the brightness of her own light, partly satisfy a curiosity with which, for a long time, she had been agitated in a singular way.

In the chasm, where she often crawled hither and thither, she had made a strange discovery. For, although in creeping up and down this abyss she had never had a ray of light, she could well enough discriminate the objects in it by her sense of touch. Generally she met with nothing but irregular productions of Nature ; at one time she would wind between the teeth of large crystals, at another she would feel the barbs and hairs of native silver, and now and then carry out with her to the light some straggling jewels.\* But to her no small wonder, in a rock which was closed on every side she had come on certain objects which betrayed the shaping hand of man. Smooth walls on which she could not climb, sharp

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\* Primitive employments, and attainments, of Thought, in this dark den whither it is sent to dwell. For many long ages it discerns "nothing but irregular productions of Nature"; having indeed to pick material bed and board out of Nature and her irregular productions. — D. T.

regular corners, well-formed pillars ; and, what seemed strangest of all, human figures which she had entwined more than once, and which appeared to her to be of brass, or of the finest polished marble. All these experiences she now wished to combine by the sense of sight, thereby to confirm what as yet she only guessed. She believed she could illuminate the whole of that subterranean vault by her own light, and hoped to get acquainted with these curious things at once. She hastened back ; and soon found, by the usual way, the cleft by which she used to penetrate the sanctuary.

On reaching the place she gazed around with eager curiosity ; and though her shining could not enlighten every object in the rotunda, yet those nearest her were plain enough. With astonishment and reverence she looked up into a glancing niche, where the image of an august king stood formed of pure gold. In size the figure was beyond the stature of man, but by its shape it seemed the likeness of a little rather than a tall person. His handsome body was encircled with an unadorned mantle, and a garland of oak bound his hair together.

No sooner had the Snake beheld this rev-

erend figure, than the king began to speak, and asked : " Whence comest thou ? " " From the chasms where the gold dwells," said the Snake. " What is grander than gold ? " inquired the king. " Light," replied the Snake. " What is more refreshing than light ? " said he. " Speech," answered she.

During this conversation she had squinted to a side, and in the nearest niche perceived another glorious image. It was a silver king in a sitting posture ; his shape was long and rather languid ; he was covered with a decorated robe ; crown, girdle, and sceptre were adorned with precious stones ; the cheerfulness of pride was in his countenance ; he seemed about to speak, when a vein, which ran dimly colored over the marble wall, on a sudden became bright, and diffused a cheerful light throughout the whole temple. By this brilliancy the Snake perceived a third king made of brass, and sitting mighty in shape, leaning on his club, adorned with a laurel garland, and more like a rock than a man. She was looking for the fourth, which was standing at the greatest distance from her ; but the wall opened, while the glittering vein started and split, as lightning does, and disappeared.

A man of middle stature, entering through the cleft, attracted the attention of the Snake. He was dressed like a peasant, and carried in his hand a little lamp, on whose still flame you liked to look, and which in a strange manner, without casting any shadow, enlightened the whole dome.\*

“Why comest thou, since we have light?” said the golden king. “You know that I may not enlighten what is dark.”† “Will my kingdom end?” said the silver king. “Late or never,” said the old man.

With a stronger voice the brazen king began to ask: “When shall I arise?” “Soon,” replied the man. “With whom shall I combine?” said the king. “With thy elder brothers,” said the man. “What will the youngest do?” inquired the king. “He will sit down,” replied the man.

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\* Poetic light, celestial reason! — D. T.

Let the reader, in one word, attend well to these four kings: much annotation from D. T. is here necessarily swept out. — O. Y.

† What is wholly dark. Understanding precedes reason: modern science is come: modern poesy is still but coming, — in Goethe (and whom else?). — D. T.

“I am not tired,” cried the fourth king, with a rough, faltering voice.\*

While this speech was going on the Snake had glided softly round the temple, viewing everything; she was now looking at the fourth king close by him. He stood leaning on a pillar; his considerable form was heavy rather than beautiful. But what metal it was made of could not be determined. Closely inspected, it seemed a mixture of the three metals which its brothers had been formed of. But in the founding, these materials did not seem to have combined together fully; gold and silver veins ran irregularly through a brazen mass, and gave the figure an unpleasant aspect.

Meanwhile the gold king was asking of the man, “How many secrets knowest thou?” “Three,” replied the man. “Which is the most important?” said the silver king. “The

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\* Consider these kings as eras of the world's history; no, not as eras, but as principles which jointly or severally rule eras. Alas, poor we, in this chaotic, soft-soldered “transitionary age,” are so unfortunate as to live under the fourth king. — D. T.



open one," replied the other.\* "Wilt thou open it to us also?" said the brass king. "When I know the fourth," replied the man. "What care I?" grumbled the composite king, in an undertone.

"I know the fourth," said the Snake; approached the old man, and hissed somewhat in his ear. "The time is at hand!" cried the old man, with a strong voice. The temple re-echoed, the metal statues sounded; and that instant the old man sank away to the westward and the Snake to the eastward; and both of them passed through the clefts of the rock with the greatest speed.

All the passages through which the old man travelled filled themselves, immediately behind him, with gold; for his lamp had the strange property of changing stone into gold, wood into silver, dead animals into precious stones, and of annihilating all metals. But to display this power, it must shine alone. If another light were beside it, the lamp only cast from it

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\* Reader, hast thou any glimpse of the "open secret"? I fear, not. — D. T. Writer, art thou a goose? I fear, yes. — O. Y.

a pure, clear brightness, and all living things were refreshed by it.\*

The old man entered his cottage, which was built on the slope of the hill. He found his wife in extreme distress. She was sitting at the fire weeping, and refusing to be consoled. "How unhappy am I!" cried she; "Did not I entreat thee not to go away to-night?" "What is the matter, then?" inquired the husband, quite composed.

"Scarcely wert thou gone," said she, sobbing, "when there came two noisy travellers to the door: unthinkingly I let them in; they seemed to be a couple of genteel, very honorable people; they were dressed in flames, you would have taken them for Will-o'-wisps. But no sooner were they in the house, than they began, like impudent varlets, to compliment me, † and grew so forward that I feel ashamed to think of it."

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\* In illuminated ages, the age of miracles is said to cease; but it is only we that cease to see it, for we are still "refreshed by it." — D. T.

† Poor old Practical Endeavor! Listen to many an *encyclopædic* Diderot, humanized *philosophe*, didactic singer, march-of-intellect man, and other

“No doubt,” said the husband with a smile, “the gentlemen were jesting. considering thy age, they might have held by general politeness.”

“Age! what age?” cried the wife: “wilt thou always be talking of my age? How old am I, then? — General politeness! But I know what I know. Look round there what a face the walls have; look at the old stones, which I have not seen these hundred years; every film of gold have they licked away, thou couldst not think how fast; and still they kept assuring me that it tasted far beyond common gold. Once they had swept the walls, the fellows seemed to be in high spirits, and truly in that little while they had grown much broader and brighter. They now began to be impertinent again, they patted me, and called me their queen, they shook themselves, and a shower of gold-pieces sprang from them; see how they are shining there under the bench! But ah, what misery! Poor Mops ate a coin or two; and look, he is lying in the chimney, dead.

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“impudent varlets” (who would never put their own finger to the work); and hear what “compliments” they uttered. — D. T.

Poor pug! O, well-a-day! I did not see it till they were gone, else I had never promised to pay the Ferryman the debt they owe him.” “What do they owe him?” said the man. “Three cabbages,” replied the wife, “three artichokes, and three onions: I engaged to go when it was day, and take them to the river.”

“Thou mayest do them that civility,” said the old man; “they may chance to be of use to us again.”

“Whether they will be of use to us I know not; but they promised and vowed that they would.”

Meantime the fire on the hearth had burnt low; the old man covered up the embers with a heap of ashes, and put the glittering gold-pieces aside, so that his little lamp now gleamed alone, in the fairest brightness. The walls again coated themselves with gold, and Mops changed into the prettiest onyx that could be imagined. The alternation of the brown and black in this precious stone made it the most curious piece of workmanship.

“Take thy basket,” said the man, “and put the onyx into it; then take the three cabbages, the three artichokes, and the three onions; place them round little Mops, and carry them

to the river. At noon the Snake will take thee over; visit the fair Lily, give her the onyx, she will make it alive by her touch as by her touch she kills whatever is alive already. She will have a true companion in the little dog. Tell her not to mourn; her deliverance is near; the greatest misfortune she may look upon as the greatest happiness; for the time is at hand."

The old woman filled her basket, and set out as soon as it was day. The rising sun shone clear from the other side of the river, which was glittering in the distance: the old woman walked with slow steps, for the basket pressed upon her head, and it was not the onyx that so burdened her. Whatever lifeless thing she might be carrying, she did not feel the weight of it; on the other hand, in those cases the basket rose aloft, and hovered along above her head. But to carry any fresh herbage, or any little living animal, she found exceedingly laborious.\* She had travelled on

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\* Why so? Is it because with "lifeless things" (with inanimate *machinery*) all goes like clock-work, which it is, and "the basket hovers aloft"; while with living things (were it but the culture of

for some time in a sullen humor, when she halted suddenly in fright, for she had almost trod upon the Giant's shadow, which was stretching towards her across the plain. And now, lifting up her eyes, she saw the monster of a Giant himself, who had been bathing in the river, and was just come out,\* and she knew not how she should avoid him. The moment he perceived her he began saluting her in sport, and the hands of his shadow soon caught hold of the basket. With dexterous ease they picked away from it a cabbage, an artichoke, and an onion, and brought them to the Giant's mouth, who then went his way up the river, and let the woman go in peace.

She considered whether it would not be better to return, and supply from her garden the pieces she had lost; and amid these doubts she still kept walking on, so that in a little

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forest-trees) poor Endeavor has more difficulty? — D. T. Or is it chiefly because a tale must be a tale? — O. Y.

\* Very proper in the huge loggerhead *Superstition*, to bathe himself in the element of Time, and get refreshment thereby. — D. T.

while she was at the bank of the river. She sat long waiting for the Ferryman, whom she perceived at last, steering over with a very singular traveller. A young, noble-looking, handsome man, whom she could not gaze upon enough, stepped out of the boat.

"What is it you bring?" cried the old man. "The greens which those two Will-o'-wisps owe you," said the woman, pointing to her ware. As the Ferryman found only two of each sort, he grew angry, and declared he would have none of them. The woman earnestly entreated him to take them; told him that she could not now go home, and that her burden for the way which still remained was very heavy. He stood by his refusal, and assured her that it did not rest with him. "What belongs to me," said he, "I must leave lying nine hours in a heap, touching none of it till I have given the river its third." After much higgling, the old man at last replied: "There is still another way. If you like to pledge yourself to the river, and declare yourself its debtor, I will take the six pieces; but there is some risk in it." "If I keep my word, I shall run no risk?" "Not the smallest. Put your hand into the stream,"

continued he, "and promise that within four-and-twenty hours you will pay the debt."

The old woman did so; but what was her affright when, on drawing out her hand, she found it black as coal! She loudly scolded the old Ferryman; declared that her hands had always been the fairest part of her; that in spite of her hard work, she had all along contrived to keep these noble members white and dainty. She looked at the hand with indignation, and exclaimed in a despairing tone, "Worse and worse! Look, it is vanishing entirely; it is grown far smaller than the other." \*

"For the present it but seems so," said the old man; "if you do not keep your word, however, it may prove so in earnest. The hand will gradually diminish, and at length disappear altogether, though you have the use of it as formerly. Everything as usual you will be able to perform with it, only nobody

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\* A dangerous thing to pledge yourself to the Time-river;—as many a national debt, and the like, blackening, bewitching the "beautiful hand" of Endeavor, can witness. —D. T. Heavens! —O. Y.



will see it." "I had rather that I could not use it, and no one could observe the want," cried she. "But what of that? I will keep my word, and rid myself of this black skin, and all anxieties about it." Thereupon she hastily took up her basket, which mounted of itself over her head, and hovered free above her in the air, as she hurried after the youth, who was walking softly and thoughtfully down the bank. His noble form and strange dress had made a deep impression on her.

His breast was covered with a glittering coat of mail, in whose wavings might be traced every motion of his fair body. From his shoulders hung a purple cloak; around his uncovered head flowed abundant brown hair in beautiful locks: his graceful face and his well-formed feet were exposed to the scorching of the sun. With bare soles he walked composedly over the hot sand; and a deep inward sorrow seemed to blunt him against all external things.

The garrulous old woman tried to lead him into conversation; but with his short answers he gave her small encouragement or information, so that in the end, notwithstanding the beauty of his eyes, she grew tired of speaking with him to no purpose, and took leave of him

with these words : “ You walk too slow for me, worthy sir ; I must not lose a moment, for I have to pass the river on the green Snake, and carry this fine present from my husband to the fair Lily.” So saying, she stept faster forward ; but the fair youth pushed on with equal speed, and hastened to keep up with her. “ You are going to the fair Lily ! ” cried he ; “ then our roads are the same. But what present is this you are bringing her ? ”

“ Sir,” said the woman, “ it is hardly fair, after so briefly dismissing the questions I put to you, to inquire with such vivacity about my secrets. But if you like to barter, and tell me your adventures, I will not conceal from you how it stands with me and my presents.” They soon made a bargain ; the dame disclosed her circumstances to him ; told the history of the pug, and let him see the singular gift.

He lifted this natural curiosity from the basket, and took Mops, who seemed as sleeping softly, into his arms. “ Happy beast ! ” cried he ; “ thou wilt be touched by her hands, thou wilt be made alive by her ; while the living are obliged to fly from her presence to escape a mournful doom. Yet why say I mournful ? Is it not far sadder and more frightful to be in-

jured by her look, than it would be to die by her hand? Behold me," said he to the woman; "at my years, what a miserable fate have I to undergo! This mail which I have honorably borne in war, this purple which I sought to merit by a wise reign, destiny has left me; the one as a useless burden, the other as an empty ornament. Crown and sceptre and sword are gone; and I am as bare and needy as any other son of earth; for so unblessed are her bright eyes, that they take from every living creature they look on all its force, and those whom the touch of her hand does not kill are changed to the state of shadows wandering alive."

Thus did he continue to bewail, nowise contenting the old woman's curiosity, who wished for information not so much of his internal as of his external situation. She learned neither the name of his father nor of his kingdom. He stroked the hard Mops, whom the sunbeams and the bosom of the youth had warmed as if he had been living. He inquired narrowly about the Man with the Lamp, about the influences of the sacred light, appearing to expect much good from it in his melancholy case.

Amid such conversation they descried from afar the majestic arch of the bridge, which ex-

tended from the one bank to the other, glittering with the strangest colors in the splendors of the sun. Both were astonished; for until now they had never seen this edifice so grand. "How!" cried the prince; "was it not beautiful enough, as it stood before our eyes, piled out of jasper and agate? Shall we not fear to tread it, now that it appears combined, in graceful complexity of emerald and chrysoprase and chrysolite?" Neither of them knew the alteration that had taken place upon the Snake: for it was indeed the Snake, who every day at noon curved herself over the river, and stood forth in the form of a bold-swelling bridge.\* The travellers stepped upon it with a reverential feeling, and passed over it in silence.

No sooner had they reached the other shore, than the bridge began to heave and stir; in a little while it touched the surface of the water, and the green Snake in her proper form came gliding after the wanderers. They had scarcely thanked her for the privilege of crossing on her

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\* If aught can overspan the Time-river, then what but understanding, but thought, in its moment of plenitude, in its favorable noon-moment? —  
D. T.

back, when they found that, besides them three, there must be other persons in the company, whom their eyes could not discern. They heard a hissing, which the Snake also answered with a hissing; they listened, and at length caught what follows: "We shall first look about us in the fair Lily's Park," said a pair of alternating voices; "and then request you at nightfall, so soon as we are anywise presentable, to introduce us to this paragon of beauty. At the shore of the great lake you will find us." "Be it so," replied the Snake; and a hissing sound died away in the air.

Our three travellers now consulted in what order they should introduce themselves to the fair lady; for however many people might be in her company, they were obliged to enter and depart singly, under pain of suffering very hard severities.

The woman with the metamorphosed pug in the basket first approached the garden, looking round for her patroness, who was not difficult to find, being just engaged in singing to her harp. The finest tones proceeded from her, first like circles on the surface of the still lake, then like a light breath they set the grass and the bushes in motion. In a green enclosure,

under the shadow of a stately group of many diverse trees, was she seated; and again did she enchant the eyes, the ears, and the heart of the woman, who approached with rapture, and swore within herself that since she saw her last the fair one had grown fairer than ever. With eager gladness, from a distance, she expressed her reverence and admiration for the lovely maiden. "What a happiness to see you! What a heaven does your presence spread around you! How charmingly the harp is leaning on your bosom, how softly your arms surround it, how it seems as if longing to be near you, and how it sounds so meekly under the touch of your slim fingers! Thrice happy youth, to whom it were permitted to be there!"

So speaking, she approached; the fair Lily raised her eyes; let her hands drop from the harp, and answered: "Trouble me not with untimely praise; I feel my misery but the more deeply. Look here, at my feet lies the poor canary-bird, which used so beautifully to accompany my singing; it would sit upon my harp, and was trained not to touch me; but to-day, while I, refreshed by sleep, was raising a peaceful morning hymn, and my

little singer was pouring forth his harmonious tones more gayly than ever, a hawk darts over my head; the poor little creature, in affright, takes refuge in my bosom, and I feel the last palpitations of its departing life. The plundering hawk, indeed, was caught by my look, and fluttered fainting down into the water; but what can his punishment avail me? my darling is dead, and his grave will but increase the mournful bushes of my garden."

"Take courage, fairest Lily!" cried the woman, wiping off a tear, which the story of the hapless maiden had called into her eyes; "compose yourself; my old man bids me tell you to moderate your lamenting, to look upon the greatest misfortune as a forerunner of the greatest happiness, for the time is at hand; and truly," continued she, "the world is going strangely on of late. Do but look at my hand, how black it is! As I live and breathe, it is grown far smaller; I must hasten, before it vanish altogether! Why did I engage to do the Will-o'-wisps a service? Why did I meet the Giant's shadow, and dip my hand in the river? Could you not afford me a single cabbage, an artichoke, and an onion? I would give them to the river, and my hand were

white as ever, so that I could almost show it with one of yours."

"Cabbages and onions thou mayest still find; but artichokes thou wilt search for in vain. No plant in my garden bears either flowers or fruit; but every twig that I break, and plant upon the grave of a favorite, grows green straightway, and shoots up in fair boughs. All these groups, these bushes, these groves, my hard destiny has so raised around me. These pines stretching out like parasols, these obelisks of cypresses, these colossal oaks and beeches, were all little twigs planted by my hand, as mournful memorials in a soil that otherwise is barren." \*

To this speech the old woman had paid little heed; she was looking at her hand, which, in presence of the fair Lily, seemed every moment growing blacker and smaller. She was about to snatch her basket and hasten off, when she noticed that the best part of her

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\* In supernaturalism, truly, what is there either of flower or of fruit? Nothing that will (altogether) content the greedy Time-river. Stupendous, funereal sacred groves, "in a soil that otherwise is barren"! — D. T.



errand had been forgotten. She lifted out the onyx pug, and set him down, not far from the fair one, in the grass. "My husband," said she, "sends you this memorial; you know that you can make a jewel live by touching it. This pretty faithful dog will certainly afford you much enjoyment; and my grief at losing him is brightened only by the thought that he will be in your possession."

The fair Lily viewed the dainty creature with a pleased, and, as it seemed, with an astonished look. "Many signs combine," said she, "that breathe some hope into me: but ah! is it not a natural deception which makes us fancy, when misfortunes crowd upon us, that a better day is near?"

"What can these many signs avail me?"

My singer's death, thy coal-black hand?

This dog of onyx, that can never fail me?

And coming at the lamp's command?

"From human joys removed forever,

With sorrows compassed round I sit:

Is there a temple at the river?

Is there a bridge? Alas, not yet!"

The good old dame had listened with impatience to this singing, which the fair Lily

accompanied with her harp, in a way that would have charmed any other. She was on the point of taking leave, when the arrival of the green Snake again detained her. The Snake had caught the last lines of the song, and on this matter forthwith began to speak comfort to the fair Lily.

“The prophecy of the bridge is fulfilled!” cried the Snake: “you may ask this worthy dame how royally the arch looks now. What formerly was untransparent jasper, or agate, allowing but a gleam of light to pass about its edges, is now become transparent precious stone. No beryl is so clear, no emerald so beautiful of hue.”

“I wish you joy of it,” said Lily; “but you will pardon me if I regard the prophecy as yet unaccomplished. The lofty arch of your bridge can still but admit foot-passengers; and it is promised us that horses and carriages and travellers of every sort shall, at the same moment, cross this bridge in both directions. Is there not something said, too, about pillars, which are to arise of themselves from the waters of the river?”

The old woman still kept her eyes fixed on her hand; she here interrupted their dialogue,

and was taking leave. "Wait a moment," said the fair Lily, "and carry my little bird with you. Bid the Lamp change it into topaz; I will enliven it by my touch; with your good Mops it shall form my dearest pastime: but hasten, hasten; for, at sunset, intolerable putrefaction will fasten on the hapless bird, and tear asunder the fair combination of its form forever."

The old woman laid the little corpse, wrapped in soft leaves, into her basket, and hastened away.

"However it may be," said the Snake, recommencing their interrupted dialogue, "the temple is built."

"But it is not at the river," said the fair one.

"It is yet resting in the depths of the earth," said the Snake; "I have seen the kings and conversed with them."

"But when will they arise?" inquired Lily.

The Snake replied: "I heard resounding in the temple these deep words, *The time is at hand.*"

A pleasing cheerfulness spread over the fair Lily's face. "'Tis the second time," said she, "that I have heard these happy words to-day:

when will the day come for me to hear them thrice ? ”

She arose, and immediately there came a lovely maiden from the grove, and took away her harp. Another followed her, and folded up the fine carved ivory stool, on which the fair one had been sitting, and put the silvery cushion under her arm. A third then made her appearance, with a large parasol worked with pearls, and looked whether Lily would require her in walking. These three maidens were beyond expression beautiful; and yet their beauty but exalted that of Lily, for it was plain to every one that they could never be compared to her.\*

Meanwhile the fair one had been looking, with a satisfied aspect, at the strange onyx Mops. She bent down and touched him, and that instant he started up. Gayly he looked around, ran hither and thither, and at last, in his kindest manner, hastened to salute his benefactress. She took him in her arms, and pressed him to her. “ Cold as thou art,” cried

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\* Who are these three ? Faith, Hope, and Charity, or others of that kin ? — D. T. Faith, Hope, and Fiddlestick ! — O. Y.

she, "and though but a half-life works in thee, thou art welcome to me ; tenderly will I love thee, prettily will I play with thee, softly caress thee, and firmly press thee to my bosom." She then let him go, chased him from her, called him back, and played so daintily with him, and ran about so gayly and so innocently with him on the grass, that with new rapture you viewed and participated in her joy, as a little while ago her sorrow had attuned every heart to sympathy.

This cheerfulness, these graceful sports, were interrupted by the entrance of the woful youth. He stepped forward, in his former guise and aspect, save that the heat of the day appeared to have fatigued him still more, and in the presence of his mistress he grew paler every moment. He bore upon his hand a hawk, which was sitting quiet as a dove, with its body shrunk and its wings drooping.

"It is not kind in thee," cried Lily to him, "to bring that hateful thing before my eyes, the monster, which to-day has killed my little singer."

"Blame not the unhappy bird!" replied the youth ; "rather blame thyself and thy destiny, and leave me to keep beside me the companion of my woe."

Meanwhile Mops ceased not teasing the fair Lily, and she replied to her transparent favorite with friendly gestures. She clapped her hands to scare him off; then ran, to entice him after her. She tried to get him when he fled, and she chased him away when he attempted to press near her. The youth looked on in silence, with increasing anger; but at last, when she took the odious beast, which seemed to him unutterably ugly, on her arm, pressed it to her white bosom, and kissed its black snout with her heavenly lips, his patience altogether failed him, and full of desperation he exclaimed: "Must I, who by a baleful fate exist beside thee, perhaps to the end, in an absent presence, who by thee have lost my all, my very self, — must I see before my eyes, that so unnatural a monster can charm thee into gladness, can awaken thy attachment, and enjoy thy embrace? Shall I any longer keep wandering to and fro, measuring my dreary course to that side of the river and to this? No, there is still a spark of the old heroic spirit sleeping in my bosom; let it start this instant into its expiring flame! If stones may rest in thy bosom, let me be changed to stone; if thy touch kills, I will die by thy hands."

So saying, he made a violent movement ; the hawk flew from his finger, but he himself rushed towards the fair one ; she held out her hand to keep him off, and touched him only the sooner. Consciousness forsook him ; and she felt with horror the beloved burden lying on her bosom. With a shriek she started back, and the gentle youth sank lifeless from her arms upon the ground.

The misery had happened ! The sweet Lily stood motionless, gazing on the corpse. Her heart seemed to pause in her bosom, and her eyes were without tears. In vain did Mops try to gain from her any kindly gesture ; with her friend, the world for her was all dead as the grave. Her silent despair did not look round for help ; she knew not of any help.

On the other hand, the Snake bestirred herself the more actively ; she seemed to meditate deliverance ; and in fact her strange movements served at least to keep away, for a little, the immediate consequences of the mischief. With her limber body she formed a wide circle round the corpse, and seizing the end of her tail between her teeth, she lay quite still.

Erelong one of Lily's fair waiting-maids appeared ; brought the ivory folding-stool, and

with friendly beckoning constrained her mistress to sit down on it. Soon afterwards there came a second; she had in her hand a fire-colored veil with which she rather decorated than concealed the fair Lily's head. The third handed her the harp, and scarcely had she drawn the gorgeous instrument towards her, and struck some tones from its strings, when the first maid returned with a clear round mirror, took her station opposite the fair one, caught her looks in the glass, and threw back to her the loveliest image that was to be found in Nature.\* Sorrow heightened her beauty, the veil her charms, the harp her grace; and deeply as you wished to see her mournful situation altered, not less deeply did you wish to

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\* Does not man's soul *rest* by Faith, and look in the *mirror* of Faith? Does not Hope "decorate rather than conceal"? Is not Charity (Love) the beginning of *music*? — Behold, too, how the Serpent, in this great hour, has made herself a Serpent-of-Eternity; and (even as genuine Thought, in our age, has to do for so much) preserves the seeming-dead within her folds, that suspended animation issue not in noisome, horrible, irrevocable dissolution! — D. T.



keep her image, as she now looked, forever present with you.

With a still look at the mirror, she touched the harp; now melting tones proceeded from the strings, now her pain seemed to mount, and the music in strong notes responded to her woe; sometimes she opened her lips to sing, but her voice failed her; and ere long her sorrow melted into tears, two maidens caught her helpfully in their arms, the harp sank from her bosom; scarcely could the quick servant snatch the instrument and carry it aside.

“Who gets us the Man with the Lamp before the sun set?” hissed the Snake faintly, but audibly: the maids looked at one another, and Lily’s tears fell faster. At this moment came the woman with the basket, panting and altogether breathless. “I am lost, and maimed for life!” cried she; “see how my hand is almost vanished; neither Ferryman nor Giant would take me over, because I am the river’s debtor; in vain did I promise hundreds of cabbages and hundreds of onions; they will take no more than three; and no artichoke is now to be found in all this quarter.”

“Forget your own care,” said the Snake, “and try to bring help here; perhaps it may

come to yourself also. Haste with your utmost speed to seek the Will-o'-wisps; it is too light for you to see them, but perhaps you will hear them laughing and hopping to and fro. If they be speedy, they may cross upon the Giant's shadow, and seek the Man with the Lamp, and send him to us."

The woman hurried off at her quickest pace, and the Snake seemed expecting as impatiently as Lily the return of the Flames. Alas! the beam of the sinking sun was already gilding only the highest summits of the trees in the thicket, and long shadows were stretching over lake and meadow; the Snake hitched up and down impatiently, and Lily dissolved in tears.

In this extreme need the Snake kept looking round on all sides; for she was afraid every moment that the sun would set, and corruption penetrate the magic circle, and the fair youth immediately moulder away. At last she noticed, sailing high in the air, with purple-red feathers, the prince's hawk, whose breast was catching the last beams of the sun. She shook herself for joy at this good omen; nor was she deceived; for shortly afterwards the Man with the Lamp was seen gliding towards them across the lake, fast and smoothly, as if he had been travelling on skates.

The Snake did not change her posture, but Lily rose and called to him: "What good spirit sends thee, at the moment when we were desiring thee, and needing thee so much?"

"The spirit of my lamp," replied the man, "has impelled me, and the hawk has conducted me. My lamp sparkles when I am needed, and I just look about me in the sky for a signal; some bird or meteor points to the quarter towards which I am to turn. Be calm, fairest maiden! Whether I can help, I know not; an individual helps not, but he who combines himself with many at the proper hour. We will postpone the evil, and keep hoping. Hold thy circle fast," continued he, turning to the Snake; then set himself upon a hillock beside her, and illuminated the dead body. "Bring the little bird \* hither too, and lay it in the circle!" The maidens took the little corpse from the basket, which the old woman had left standing, and did as he directed.

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\* What are the hawk and this canary-bird, which here prove so destructive to one another? Ministering servants, implements, of these two divided halves of the human soul; name them I will not; more is not written. — D. T.

Meanwhile the sun had set ; and as the darkness increased, not only the Snake and the old man's lamp began shining in their fashion, but also Lily's veil gave out a soft light, which gracefully tinged, as with a meek dawning red, her pale cheeks and her white robe. The party looked at one another, silently reflecting ; care and sorrow were mitigated by a sure hope.

It was no unpleasing entrance, therefore, that the woman made, attended by the two gay Flames, which in truth appeared to have been very lavish in the interim, for they had again become extremely meagre ; yet they only bore themselves the more prettily, for that, towards Lily and the other ladies. With great tact and expressiveness, they said a multitude of rather common things to these fair persons ; and declared themselves particularly ravished by the charm which the gleaming veil \* spread over Lily and her attendants. The ladies modestly cast down their eyes, and the praise of

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\* Have not your march-of-intellect literators always expressed themselves particularly ravished with any glitter from a veil of *Hope* ; with " progress of the species," and the like ? — D. T.

their beauty made them really beautiful. All were peaceful and calm, except the old woman. In spite of the assurance of her husband, that her hand could diminish no further, while the lamp shone on it, she asserted more than once, that if things went on thus, before midnight this noble member would have utterly vanished.

The Man with the Lamp had listened attentively to the conversation of the Lights, and was gratified that Lily had been cheered in some measure, and amused by it. And, in truth, midnight had arrived they knew not how. The old man looked to the stars, and then began speaking: "We are assembled at the propitious hour; let each perform his task, let each do his duty; and a universal happiness will swallow up our individual sorrows, as a universal grief consumes individual joys."

At these words arose a wondrous hubbub; \*

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\* Too true: dost thou not hear it, reader? In this our revolutionary "twelfth hour of the night" all persons speak aloud, (some of them by cannon and drums!) "declaring what they have to do"; and Faith, Hope, and Charity (after a few passing compliments from the Belles-Lettres Department), thou seest, have *fallen asleep!* — D. T.

for all the persons in the party spoke aloud, each for himself, declaring what they had to do ; only the three maids were silent ; one of them had fallen asleep beside the harp, another near the parasol, the third by the stool ; and you could not blame them much, for it was late. The fiery youths, after some passing compliments which they devoted to the waiting-maids, had turned their sole attention to the princess, as alone worthy of exclusive homage.

“Take the mirror,” said the man to the hawk ; “and with the first sunbeam illuminate the three sleepers, and awake them, with light reflected from above.”

The Snake now began to move ; she loosened her circle, and rolled slowly, in large rings, forward to the river. The two Will-o’wisps followed with a solemn air : you would have taken them for the most serious Flames in nature. The old woman and her husband seized the basket, whose mild light they had scarcely observed till now ; they lifted it at both sides, and it grew still larger and more luminous ; they lifted the body of the youth into it, laying the canary-bird upon his breast ; the basket rose into the air and hovered above the old woman’s head, and she followed the

Will-o'-wisps on foot. The fair Lily took Mops on her arm, and followed the woman ; the Man with the lamp concluded the procession ; and the scene was curiously illuminated by these many lights.

But it was with no small wonder that the party saw, when they approached the river, a glorious arch mount over it, by which the helpful Snake was affording them a glittering path. If by day they had admired the beautiful transparent precious stones, of which the bridge seemed formed, by night they were astonished at its gleaming brilliancy. On the upper side the clear circle marked itself sharp against the dark sky, but below, vivid beams were darting to the centre, and exhibiting the airy firmness of the edifice. The procession slowly moved across it ; and the Ferryman, who saw it from his hut afar off, considered with astonishment the gleaming circle, and the strange lights which were passing over it.\*

No sooner had they reached the other shore,

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\* Well he might, worthy old man ; as Pope Pius, for example, did, when he lived in Fontainebleau ! — D. T. As our bishops, when voting for the Reform Bill ? — O. Y.

than the arch began, in its usual way, to swag up and down, and with a wavy motion to approach the water. The Snake then came on land, the basket placed itself upon the ground, and the Snake again drew her circle round it. The old man stooped towards her, and said, "What hast thou resolved on?"

"To sacrifice myself rather than be sacrificed," replied the Snake; "promise me thou wilt leave no stone on shore."

The old man promised; then, addressing Lily, "Touch the Snake," said he, "with thy left hand, and thy lover with thy right." Lily knelt, and touched the Snake and the prince's body. The latter in the instant seemed to come to life; he moved in the basket, nay, he raised himself into a sitting posture; Lily was about to clasp him; but the old man held her back, and himself assisted the youth to rise, and led him forth from the basket and the circle.

The prince was standing; the canary-bird was fluttering on his shoulder; there was life again in both of them, but the spirit had not yet returned; the fair youth's eyes were open, yet he did not see, at least, he seemed to look on all without participation. Scarcely had



their admiration of this incident a little calmed, when they observed how strangely it had fared in the mean while with the Snake. Her fair taper body had crumbled into thousands and thousands of shining jewels: the old woman, reaching at her basket, had chanced to come against the circle; and of the shape or structure of the Snake there was now nothing to be seen, only a bright ring of luminous jewels was lying in the grass.\*

The old man forthwith set himself to gather the stones into the basket, a task in which his wife assisted him. They next carried the basket to an elevated point on the bank; and here the man threw its whole lading, not without contradiction from the fair one and his wife, who would gladly have retained some part of it, down into the river. Like gleaming, twinkling stars the stones floated down

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\* So! Your logics, mechanical philosophies, politics, sciences, your whole modern system of Thought, is to de cease; and old Endeavor, "grasping at her basket," shall "come against" the inanimate remains, and "only a bright ring of luminous jewels" shall be left there! Mark well, however, what next becomes of it. — D. T.

with the waves ; and you could not say whether they lost themselves in the distance, or sank to the bottom.

“ Gentlemen,” said he with the lamp, in a respectful tone to the Lights, “ I will now show you the way, and open you the passage ; but you will do us an essential service, if you please to unbolt the door, by which the sanctuary must be entered at present, and which none but you can unfasten.”

The Lights made a stately bow of assent, and kept their place. The old Man of the Lamp went foremost into the rock, which opened at his presence ; the youth followed him, as if mechanically ; silent and uncertain, Lily kept at some distance from him ; the old woman would not be left, and stretched out her hand, that the light of her husband’s lamp might still fall upon it. The rear was closed by the two Will-o’-wisps, who bent the peaks of their flames towards one another, and appeared to be engaged in conversation.

They had not gone far till the procession halted in front of a large brazen door, the leaves of which were bolted with a golden lock. The man now called upon the Lights to advance ; who required small entreaty, and with

their pointed flames soon ate both bar and lock.

The brass gave a loud clang, as the doors sprang suddenly asunder; and the stately figures of the kings appeared within the sanctuary, illuminated by the entering Lights. All bowed before these dread sovereigns, especially the Flames made a profusion of the daintiest reverences.

After a pause, the gold king asked: "Whence come ye?" "From the world," said the old man. "Whither go ye?" said the silver king. "Into the world," replied the man. "What would ye with us?" cried the brazen king. "Accompany you," replied the man.

The composite king was about to speak, when the gold one addressed the Lights, who had got too near him: "Take yourselves away from me, my metal was not made for you." Thereupon they turned to the silver king, and clasped themselves about him; and his robe glittered beautifully in their yellow brightness. "You are welcome," said he, "but I cannot feed you; satisfy yourselves elsewhere, and bring me your light." They removed; and gliding past the brazen king, who did not seem to notice them, they fixed on the compounded

king. "Who will govern the world?" cried he, with a broken voice. "He who stands upon his feet," replied the old man. "I am he," said the mixed king. "We shall see," replied the man; "for the time is at hand."

The fair Lily fell upon the old man's neck, and kissed him cordially. "Holy sage!" cried she, "a thousand times I thank thee; for I hear that fateful word the third time." She had scarcely spoken, when she clasped the old man still faster; for the ground began to move beneath them; the youth and the old woman also held by one another; the Lights alone did not regard it.

You could feel plainly that the whole temple was in motion; as a ship that softly glides away from the harbor, when her anchors are lifted, the depths of the earth seemed to open for the building as it went along. It struck on nothing; no rock came in its way.

For a few instants a small rain seemed to drizzle from the opening of the dome; the old man held the fair Lily fast, and said to her: "We are now beneath the river; we shall soon be at the mark." Erelong they thought the temple made a halt; but they were in error; it was mounting upwards.

And now a strange uproar rose above their heads. Planks and beams in disordered combination now came pressing and crashing in at the opening of the dome. Lily and the woman started to a side; the Man with the Lamp laid hold of the youth, and kept standing still. The little cottage of the Ferryman — for it was this which the temple in ascending had severed from the ground and carried up with it — sank gradually down, and covered the old man and the youth.

The women screamed aloud, and the temple shook, like a ship running unexpectedly aground. In sorrowful perplexity the princess and her old attendant wandered round the cottage in the dawn; the door was bolted, and to their knocking no one answered. They knocked more loudly, and were not a little struck when at length the wood began to ring. By virtue of the lamp locked up in it, the hut had been converted from the inside to the outside into solid silver. Ere long too its form changed; for the noble metal shook aside the accidental shape of planks, posts, and beams, and stretched itself out into a noble case of beaten ornamented workmanship. Thus a fair little temple stood erected in the middle of the

large one; or if you will, an altar worthy of the temple.\*

By a staircase which ascended from within the noble youth now mounted aloft, lighted by the old Man with the Lamp; and, as it seemed, supported by another, who advanced in a white short robe, with a silver rudder in his hand; and was soon recognized as the Ferryman, the former possessor of the cottage.

The fair Lily mounted the outer steps, which led from the floor of the temple to the altar; but she was still obliged to keep herself apart from her lover. The old woman, whose hand in the absence of the lamp had grown still smaller, cried: "Am I, then, to be unhappy after all? Among so many miracles, can there be nothing done to save my hand?" Her husband pointed to the open door, and said to her: "See, the day is breaking; haste, bathe thyself in the river." "What an advice!"

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\* Good! The old Church, shaken down "in disordered combination," is admitted, in this way, into the new perennial temple of the future: and clarified into enduring silver by the lamp, becomes an altar worthy to stand there. The Ferryman too is not forgotten. — D. T.

cried she ; “ it will make me all black ; it will make me vanish altogether ; for my debt is not yet paid.” “ Go,” said the man, “ and do as I advise thee ; all debts are now paid.”

The old woman hastened away ; and at that moment appeared the rising sun upon the rim of the dome. The old man stept between the virgin and the youth, and cried with a loud voice : “ There are three which have rule on earth ; Wisdom, Appearance, and Strength.” At the first word, the gold king rose ; at the second, the silver one ; and at the third, the brass king slowly rose, while the mixed king on a sudden very awkwardly plumped down.\*

Whoever noticed him could scarcely keep from laughing, solemn as the moment was ;

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\* Dost thou note this, O reader ; and look back with new clearness on former things ? A gold king, a silver and a brazen king : Wisdom, dignified Appearance, Strength ; these three harmoniously united bear rule ; *disharmoniously* cobbled together in sham union (as in the foolish composite king of our foolish “ transition era ”), they, once the gold (or wisdom) is *all* out of them, “ very awkwardly plump down.” — D. T.

for he was not sitting, he was not lying. he was not leaning, but shapelessly sunk together.\*

The Lights,† who till now had been employed upon him, drew to a side; they appeared, although pale in the morning radiance, yet once more well fed, and in good burning condition; with their peaked tongues they had dexterously licked out the gold veins of the colossal figure to its very heart. The irregular vacuities which this occasioned had continued empty for a time, and the figure had maintained its standing posture. But when at last the very tenderest filaments were eaten out, the image crashed suddenly together; and that, alas, in the very parts which continue unaltered when one sits down; whereas the limbs, which should have bent, sprawled themselves out unbowed and stiff.

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\* As, for example, does not Charles X. (one of the poor fractional composite realities emblemized herein) rest, even now, "shapelessly enough sunk together," at Holyrood, in the city of Edinburgh? — D. T.

† March-of-intellect lights were well capable of such a thing. — D. T.



Whoever *could* not laugh was obliged to turn away his eyes ; this miserable shape and no-shape was offensive to behold.

The Man with the Lamp now led the handsome youth, who still kept gazing vacantly before him, down from the altar, and straight to the brazen king. At the feet of this mighty potentate lay a sword in a brazen sheath. The young man girt it round him. "The sword on the left, the right free !" cried the brazen voice. They next proceeded to the silver king : he bent his sceptre to the youth ; the latter seized it with his left hand, and the king in a pleasing voice said : "Feed the sheep !" On turning to the golden king, he stooped with gestures of paternal blessing, and pressing his oaken garland on the young man's head, said : "Understand what is highest !"

During this progress the old man had carefully observed the prince. After girding on the sword, his breast swelled, his arms waved, and his feet trod firmer ; when he took the sceptre in his hand, his strength appeared to soften, and by an unspeakable charm to become still more subduing ; but as the oaken garland came to deck his hair, his features

kindled, his eyes gleamed with inexpressible spirit, and the first word of his mouth was "Lily!"

"Dearest Lily!" cried he, hastening up the silver stairs to her, for she had viewed his progress from the pinnacle of the altar, — "dearest Lily! what more precious can a man, equipt with all, desire for himself than innocence and the still affection which thy bosom brings me? O my friend!" continued he, turning to the old man, and looking at the three statues, "glorious and secure is the kingdom of our fathers; but thou hast forgotten the fourth power, which rules the world, earlier, more universally, more certainly, the power of love." With these words, he fell upon the lovely maiden's neck; she had cast away her veil, and her cheeks were tinged with the fairest, most imperishable red.

Here the old man said with a smile: "Love does not rule; but it trains,\* and that is more."

Amid this solemnity, this happiness and rapture, no one had observed that it was now

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\* It fashions (*bildet*) or educates. — O. Y.

broad day ; and all at once, on looking through the open portal, a crowd of altogether unexpected objects met the eye. A large space surrounded with pillars formed the fore-court, at the end of which was seen a broad and stately bridge stretching with many arches across the river. It was furnished, on both sides, with commodious and magnificent colonnades for foot-travellers, many thousands of whom were already there, busily passing this way or that. The broad pavement in the centre was thronged with herds and mules, with horsemen and carriages, flowing like two streams, on their several sides, and neither interrupting the other. All admired the splendor and convenience of the structure ; and the new king and his spouse were delighted with the motion and activity of this great people, as they were already happy in their own mutual love.

“Remember the Snake in honor,” said the Man with the Lamp ; “thou owest her thy life ; thy people owe her the bridge, by which these neighboring banks are now animated and combined into one land. Those swimming and shining jewels, the remains of her sacrificed body, are the piers of this royal

bridge; upon these she has built and will maintain herself." \*

The party were about to ask some explanation of this strange mystery, when there entered four lovely maidens at the portal of the temple. By the harp, the parasol, and the folding-stool, it was not difficult to recognize the waiting-maids of Lily; but the fourth, more beautiful than any of the rest, was an unknown fair one, and in sisterly sportfulness she hastened with them through the temple, and mounted the steps of the altar.†

"Wilt thou have better trust in me another time, good wife?" said the Man with the Lamp to the fair one: "Well for thee, and every living thing that bathes this morning in the river!"

The renewed and beautified old woman, of

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\* Honor to her indeed! The Mechanical Philosophy, though dead, has not died and lived in vain; but her works are there: "upon these *she*" (Thought, new-born, in glorified shape) "has built herself and will maintain herself;" and the Natural and Supernatural shall henceforth, thereby, be one.—D. T.

† Mark what comes of bathing in the Time-river, at the entrance of a new era! — D. T.

whose former shape no trace remained, embraced with young eager arms the Man with the Lamp, who kindly received her caresses. "If I am too old for thee," said he, smiling, "thou mayst choose another husband to-day; from this hour no marriage is of force, which is not contracted anew."

"Dost thou not know, then," answered she, "that thou too art grown younger?" "It delights me if to thy young eyes I seem a handsome youth: I take thy hand anew, and am well content to live with thee another thousand years.\*

The queen welcomed her new friend, and went down with her into the interior of the altar, while the king stood between his two men, looking towards the bridge, and attentively contemplating the busy tumult of the people.

But his satisfaction did not last; for ere long he saw an object which excited his displeasure. The great Giant, who appeared not yet to have awoken completely from his morning sleep, came stumbling along the bridge, producing great

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\* And so Reason and Endeavor being once more married, and in the honeymoon, need we wish them joy? — D. T.

confusion all around him. As usual, he had risen stupefied with sleep, and had meant to bathe in the well-known bay of the river; instead of which he found firm land, and plunged upon the broad pavement of the bridge. Yet, although he reeled into the midst of men and cattle in the clumsiest way, his presence, wondered at by all, was felt by none; but as the sunshine came into his eyes, and he raised his hands to rub them, the shadows of his monstrous fists moved to and fro behind him with such force and awkwardness that men and beasts were heaped together in great masses, were hurt by such rude contact, and in danger of being pitched into the river.\*

The king, as he saw this mischief, grasped with an involuntary movement at his sword; but he bethought himself, and looked calmly at his sceptre, then at the lamp and the rudder of his attendants. "I guess thy thoughts," said the Man with the Lamp; "but we and our gifts are powerless against this powerful monster.

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\* Thou rememberest the *Catholic Relief Bill*; witnesseth the *Irish Education Bill*? Hast heard, five hundred times, that the "Church" "was in Danger," and now at length believest it? — D. T. Is D. T. of the Fourth Estate, and Popish-Infidel, then? — O. Y.

Be calm ! He is doing hurt for the last time, and happily his shadow is not turned to us."

Meanwhile the Giant was approaching nearer; in astonishment at what he saw with open eyes, he had dropt his hands ; he was now doing no injury, and came staring and agape into the fore-court.

He was walking straight to the door of the temple, when all at once in the middle of the court he halted, and was fixed to the ground. He stood there like a strong colossal statue, of reddish glittering stone, and his shadow pointed out the hours,\* which were marked in a circle on the floor around him not in numbers, but in noble and expressive emblems.

Much delighted was the king to see the monster's shadow turned to some useful purpose ; much astonished was the queen, who, on mounting from within the altar decked in royal pomp, with her virgins, first noticed the huge figure, which almost closed the prospect from the temple to the bridge.

Meanwhile the people had crowded after the giant, as he ceased to move ; they were walking round him, wondering at his metamorphosis. From him they turned to the temple, which

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\* Bravo ! — D. T.

they now first appeared to notice,\* and pressed towards the door.

At this instant the hawk with the mirror soared aloft above the dome, caught the light of the sun, and reflected it upon the group which was standing on the altar. The king, the queen, and their attendants, in the dusty concave of the temple, seemed illuminated by a heavenly splendor, and the people fell upon their faces. When the crowd had recovered and risen, the king with his followers had descended into the altar, to proceed by secret passages into his palace; and the multitude dispersed about the temple to content their curiosity. The three kings that were standing erect they viewed with astonishment and reverence; but the more eager were they to discover what mass it could be that was hid behind the hangings, in the fourth niche; for by some hand or another, charitable decency had spread over the resting-place of the fallen king a gorgeous curtain, which no eye can penetrate, and no hand may dare to draw aside.

The people would have found no end to their gazing and their admiration, and the crowding

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\* Now first; when the beast of a Superstition-Giant has got his quietus. Right! — D. T.



multitude would have even suffocated one another in the temple, had not their attention been again attracted to the open space.

Unexpectedly some gold-pieces, as if falling from the air, came tinkling down upon the marble flags; the nearest passers-by rushed thither to pick them up; the wonder was repeated several times, now here, now there. It is easy to conceive that the shower proceeded from our two retiring Flames, who wished to have a little sport here once more, and were thus gayly spending, ere they went away, the gold which they had licked from the members of the sunken king. The people still ran eagerly about, pressing and pulling one another, even when the gold had ceased to fall. At length they gradually dispersed, and went their way; and to the present hour the bridge is swarming with travellers, and the temple is the most frequented on the whole earth.\*

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\* It is the temple of the whole civilized earth. Finally, may I take leave to consider this *Mährchen* as the deepest poem of its sort in existence; as the only true prophecy emitted for who knows how many centuries? — D. T. Certainly: England is a free country. — O. Y.



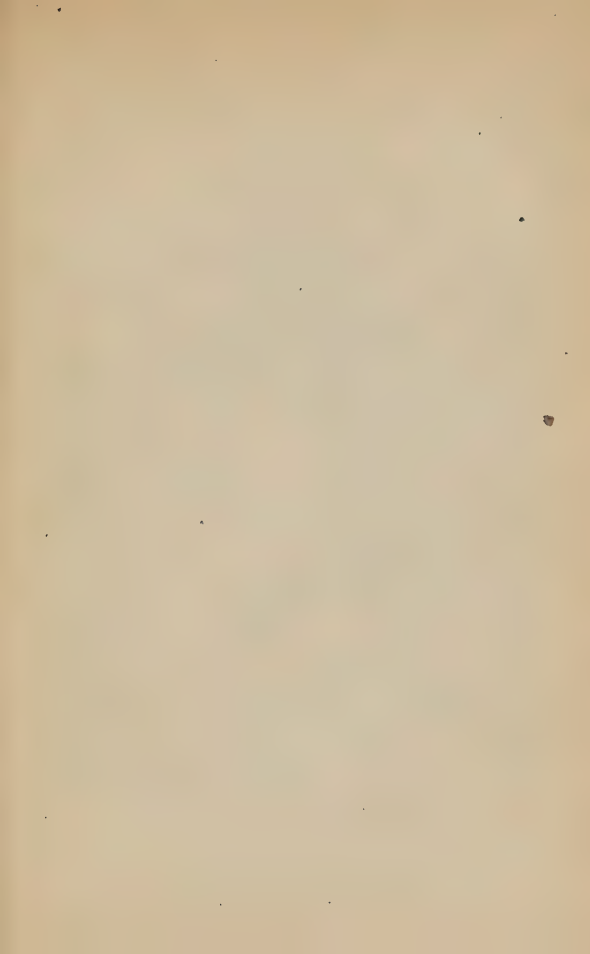
## SUMMARY.

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**R**UMORS and mis-rumors concerning Goethe's Tale of Tales: A genuine English translation now handed in for judgment. (3 - 5.) Phantasmagory not allegory. A wonderful emblem of our wonderful and woful transition age. Clew to the significance of the several figures in the poem. Imagination, in her works of art, should play like a sort of music upon us. She herself cannot condition and bargain; she must wait what shall be given her. (7 - 20.) Metaphysical subtilty and audacity, the first flickerings, and audible announcement, of the new age waiting to be born. How they press poor old Spiritual Tradition into their service; and the havoc they make with him. They give him wisdom which he cannot use, but have no power to contribute the least to his wonted nourishment. (20 - 23.) The wisdom which toil-worn tradition

could not and dared not appropriate, is eagerly devoured by newly awakened speculative thought: glory of comprehending, and of sympathy with Nature. How logical acuteness is apt to despise experimental philosophy; and how philosophy gets the best of the bargain. How can poor sceptical dexterity ever find the way, across the time-river of stormy human effort, to the unutterable repose and blessedness of spiritual affection? The proffered shadow of superstition: noontide bridge of speculative science. (24-29.) Experimental thought would fain decipher the forms and intimations of the impending future: advent and co-operation of poetic insight. The "open secret" of the coming change. (30-35.) Poetic insight or intuitive perception, wedded to Practical Endeavor now grown decrepit and garrulous. In the absence of insight, poor old Practicality is surprised and disconcerted by a visitation of logic: death of their foolish little household pet; which can now only become a "true companion," by "the touch" of spiritual affection. (36-37.) Practical Endeavor trudging on, sullen and forlorn, is cunningly robbed by the shadow of newly revived superstition. Old Tradition doggedly insists on his dues; but is not unwilling the time-river should bear the loss. The individual "hand" becomes "invisible," when pledged in the world-stream of mingled human effort. (38-42.) The new kingly intellect of the new unborn time, painfully

yearning for a purity and singleness of love, which, till it learn the "fourth" and deepest "secret," can never belong to it. Invisible superfluity of logic, in the light of noonday intelligence. Pure spiritual affection, the new love which must inspire and sanctify the new age, as yet only powerful to produce wretchedness and death. At such birthtime of the world, the greatest misery is the greatest blessing. (43 - 45.) Strange, gathering omens : speculative intelligence, however brilliant and clear-seeing, not the fulfilment of the blessed promise. The richest kingly intellect sees itself farther from the spirit of holiness than the lowest, poorest, faithful affection. Voluntary self-sacrifice begins. Blessed death, better than an outcast life. (46 - 50.) All good influences combine to succor and sustain the one, who by courage wins the secret of the age. Spiritual contagion : heroic self-sacrifice the order of the day. (51 - 57.) Death, but a passing from life to life. The temple of the future, and the old-new altar within the temple. Our foolish age of transition passes utterly away ; and a new universal kingdom, of wisdom, majesty, and heroic strength, inspired by the still omnipotence of holy love, is ushered into life. An individual suffices not, but he who combines with many at the proper hour. (77 - 83.)





“ Who ’ll buy a cupid ? ” — Page 80.



FAVORITE POEMS.









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### THE ELFIN-KING.

**W**HO rides so late through the midnight  
blast !

'T is a father spurs on with his child  
full fast ;

He gathers the boy well into his arm,  
He clasps him close, and he keeps him warm.

“ My son, why thus to my arm dost cling ? ”

“ Father, dost thou not see the Elfin-king ?

The Elfin-king with his crown and train ! ”

“ My son, 't is a streak of the misty rain ! ”

“ Come hither, thou darling ! come, go with  
me !

Fine games know I that I 'll play with thee ;  
Flowers many and bright do my kingdoms hold,  
My mother has many a robe of gold.”

“ O father, dear father ! and dost thou not  
hear

What the Elfin-king whispers so low in mine  
ear ? ”

“ Calm, calm thee, my boy, it is only the breeze,  
As it rustles the withered leaves under the  
trees ! ”

“ Wilt thou go, bonny boy ! wilt thou go with  
me ?

My daughters shall wait on thee daintily ;  
My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,  
And rock thee, and kiss thee, and sing thee to  
sleep ! ”

“ O father, dear father ! and dost thou not  
mark

The Elf-king's daughters move by in the dark ? ”

“ I see it, my child ; but it is not they,  
'T is the old willow nodding its head so gray ! ”


“ I love thee ! thy beauty, it charms me so ;  
And I 'll take thee by force, if thou wilt not  
go ! ”

“ O father, dear father ! he's grasping me, —  
My heart is as cold as cold can be ! ”

The father rides swiftly, — with terror he  
gasps, —

The sobbing child in his arms he clasps ;  
He reaches the castle with spurring and dread ;  
But, alack ! in his arms the child lay dead !

## THE FISHER.

HE water plashed, the water played,  
A fisher sat thereby,  
And marked, as to and fro it swayed,  
His float with dreamy eye ;  
And as he sits and watches there,  
He sees the flood uncloze,  
And from the parting waves a fair  
Mermaiden slowly rose.

She sang to him with witching wile,  
“ My brood why wilt thou snare,  
With human craft and human guile,  
To die in scorching air ?  
Ah ! didst thou know how happy we,  
Who dwell in waters clear,  
Thou wouldst come down at once to me,  
And rest forever here.

“The sun and ladye-moon they lave  
Their tresses in the main,  
And, breathing freshness from the wave,  
Come doubly bright again.  
The deep-blue sky, so moist and clear,  
Hath it for thee no lure?  
Does thine own face not woo thee down  
Unto our waters pure?”

The water rushed and bubbled by, —  
It lapped his naked feet;  
He thrilled as though he felt the touch  
Of maiden kisses sweet.  
She spoke to him, she sang to him, —  
Resistless was her strain, —  
Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave,  
And ne’er was seen again.

## THE GOD AND THE BAYADERÉ.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.



AHADEH, earth's lord, descending,  
To its mansions comes again,  
That, like man with mortals blending,  
He may feel their joy and pain;



Stoops to try life's varied changes,  
 And with human eyes to see,  
 Ere he praises or avenges,  
 What their fitful lot may be.  
 He has passed through the city, has looked on  
 them all;  
 He has watched o'er the great, nor forgotten  
 the small,  
 And at evening went forth on his journey so  
 free.

In the outskirts of the city,  
 Where the straggling huts are piled,  
 At a casement stood a pretty  
 Painted thing, almost a child.  
 "Greet thee, maiden!" "Thanks — art  
 weary?"  
 Wait, and quickly I'll appear!"  
 "What art thou?" — "A Bayaderé,  
 And the home of love is here."  
 She rises; the cymbals she strikes as she  
 dances,  
 And whirling, and bending with grace, she  
 advances,  
 And offers him flowers, as she undulates near.

O'er the threshold gliding lightly,  
In she leads him to her room.

"Fear not, gentle stranger; brightly  
Shall my lamp dispel the gloom.

Art thou weary? I 'll relieve thee, —

Bathe thy feet, and soothe their smart;

All thou askest I can give thee, —

Rest, or song, or joy impart."

She labors to soothe him, she labors to please;

The Deity smiles; for with pleasure he sees

Through deep degradation a right loving heart,

And he asks for service menial,

And she only strives the more,

Nature's impulse now is genial,

Where but art prevailed before.

As the fruit succeeds the blossom,

Swells and ripens day by day,

So, where kindness fills the bosom,

Love is never far away.

But he, whose vast motive was deeper and  
higher,

Selected, more keenly and clearly to try her,

Love, followed by anguish, and death, and dis-

may.

And her rosy cheeks he presses,  
 And she feels love's torment sore,  
 And, thrilled through by his caresses,  
 Weeps, who never wept before.  
 Droops beside him, not dissembling,  
 Or for passion or for gain,  
 But her limbs grow faint and trembling,  
 And no more their strength retain.  
 Meanwhile the still hours of the night steal-  
     ing by  
 Spread their shadowy woof o'er the face of the  
     sky,  
 Bringing love and its festival joys in their  
     train.

Light she slept, her arms around him;  
 Waking soon from broken rest,  
 Dead upon her breast she found him,  
 Dead — that dearly-cherished guest!  
 With a shriek she flings her o'er him,  
 But he answers not her cry;  
 And unto the pile they bore him,  
 Stark of limb and cold of eye.  
 She hears the priests chanting — she hears the  
     death-song.

And frantic she rises, and bursts through the throng.

“Who is she? what seeks she? why comes she so nigh?”

But the bier she falleth over,  
And her shrieks are loud and shrill, —  
“I *will* have my lord, my lover!  
In the grave I seek him still.  
Shall that godlike frame be wasted  
By the fire’s consuming blight?  
Mine it was, — yea, mine! though tasted  
Only one delicious night!”

But the priests, they chant ever, — “We carry  
the old,  
When their watching is over, their journeys  
are told;  
We carry the young, when they pass from the  
light!

“Hear us, woman! He we carry  
Was not, could not be, thy spouse.  
Art thou not a Bayaderé?  
So hast thou no nuptial vows.  
Only to death’s silent hollow,  
With the body goes the shade;

Only wives their husbands follow :

Thus alone is duty paid.

Strike loud the wild turmoil of drum and of  
gong !

Receive him, ye gods, in your glorious  
throng —

Receive him in garments of burning arrayed !”

Harsh their words, and unavailing ;

Swift she threaded through the choir,

And with arms outstretched, unquailing

Leaped into the crackling fire.

But the deed alone sufficeth, —

Robed in might and majesty,

From the pile the god ariseth

With the ransomed one on high.

Divinity joys in a sinner repenting,

And the lost ones of earth, by immortals relent-  
ing,

Are wafted on pinions of fire to the sky !



## THE TREASURE-SEEKER.



ANY weary days I suffered,  
Sick of heart and poor of purse ;  
Riches are the greatest blessing, —  
Poverty the deepest curse !  
Till at last to dig a treasure  
Forth I went into the wood, —  
“ Fiend ! my soul is thine forever !  
And I signed the scroll with blood.

Then I drew the magic circles,  
Kindled the mysterious fire,  
Placed the herbs and bones in order,  
Spoke the incantation dire.  
And I sought the buried metal  
With a spell of mickle might —  
Sought it as my master taught me ;  
Black and stormy was the night.

And I saw a light appearing  
In the distance, like a star ;  
When the midnight hour was tolling,  
Came it waxing from afar :

Came it flashing, swift and sudden,  
As if fiery wine it were,  
Flowing from an open chalice,  
Which a beauteous boy did bear.

And he wore a lustrous chaplet,  
And his eyes were full of thought,  
As he stepped into the circle  
With the radiance that he brought.  
And he bade me taste the goblet ;  
And I thought, — “ It cannot be,  
That this boy should be the bearer  
Of the Demon’s gifts to me ! ”

“ Taste the draught of pure existence  
Sparkling in this golden urn,  
And no more with baleful magic  
Shalt thou hitherward return.  
Do not seek for treasures longer ;  
Let thy future spellwords be,  
Days of labor, nights of resting :  
So shall peace return to thee ! ”



## THE MINSTREL.



WHAT sounds are those I hear, along  
The drawbridge sweetly stealing?  
Within our hall I'd have that song,  
That minstrel measure, pealing."  
Then forth the little foot-page hied;  
When he came back, the king he cried,  
"Bring in the aged minstrel!"

"Good-even to you, lordlings all;  
Fair ladies all, good-even.  
Lo, star on star! Within this hall  
I see a radiant heaven.  
In hall so bright with noble light,  
'Tis not for thee to feast thy sight,  
Old man, look not around thee!"

He closed his eyne, he struck his lyre  
In tones with passion laden,  
Till every gallant's eye shot fire,  
And down looked every maiden.  
The king, enraptured with his strain,  
Held out to him a golden chain,  
In guerdon of his harping.



“The golden chain give not to me,  
For noble’s breast its glance is,  
Who meets and beats thy enemy,  
Amid the shock of lances.  
Or give it to thy chancellere —  
Let him its golden burden bear,  
Among his other burdens.

“I sing as sings the bird, whose note  
The leafy bough is heard on.  
The song that falters from my throat  
For me is ample guerdon.  
Yet I’d ask one thing, an I might,  
A draught of brave wine, sparkling bright  
Within a golden beaker !”

The cup was brought. He drained its lees,  
“O draught that warms me cheerly !  
Blest is the house, where gifts like these  
Are counted trifles merely.  
Lo, when you prosper, think on me,  
And thank your God as heartily,  
As for this draught I thank you !”

## THE VIOLET.



VIOLET blossomed on the lea,  
Half hidden from the eye,  
As fair a flower as you might see ;  
When there came tripping by  
A shepherd maiden fair and young,  
Lightly, lightly o'er the lea ;  
Care she knew not, and she sung  
Merrily !

“ O were I but the fairest flower  
That blossoms on the lea ;  
If only for one little hour,  
That she might gather me, —  
Clasp me in her bonny breast ! ”  
Thought the little flower.  
“ O that in it I might rest  
But an hour ! ”

Lack-a-day ! Up came the lass,  
Heeded not the violet ;  
Trod it down into the grass ;  
Though it died, 't was happy yet.

“Trodden down although I lie,  
 Yet my death is very sweet —  
 O the happiness to die  
 At her feet !”

THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.



HERE stands an ancient castle  
 On yonder mountain height,  
 Where, fenced with door and portal,  
 Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,  
 And all is hushed and still ;  
 O'er ruined wall and rafter  
 I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage  
 Once lay in yonder nook ;  
 Where now are the cellarer's flagons,  
 And where is his jovial look ?

No more he sets the beakers  
 For the guests at the wassail feast ;

Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask  
For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase  
The stoup to the thirsty squires,  
And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift  
Receives, nor more requires.

For burned are roof and rafter,  
And they hang begrimed and black ;  
And stair, and hall, and chapel,  
Are turned to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,  
One day when the sun was bright,  
I saw my love ascending  
The slopes of yon rocky height ;

From the hush and desolation  
Sweet fancies did unfold,  
And it seemed as they had come back again,  
The jovial days of old.

As if the stateliest chambers  
For noble guests were spread,



" And the setting sun looked upward  
On that great castled hill."



And out from the prime of that glorious time,  
A youth a maiden led.

And, standing in the chapel,  
The good old priest did say,  
“Will ye wed with one another?”  
And we smiled and we answered “Yea!”

We sung, and our hearts they bounded  
To the thrilling lays we sung,  
And every note was doubled  
By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,  
The hush grew deep and still,  
And the setting sun looked upward  
On that great castled hill;

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,  
In the radiant light we shone, —  
It sank; and again the ruins  
Stood desolate and lone!



## THE FAIREST FLOWER.

## THE LAY OF THE CAPTIVE EARL.

## THE EARL.



KNOW a floweret passing fair,  
And for its loss I pain me;  
Fain would I hence to seek its lair,  
But for these bonds that chain me.  
Ah, heavy, heavy is my cheer,  
For till I came a prisoner here,  
That flower was ever near me.

All round the castle's beetling steep  
I let my glances wander;  
But cannot from the dizzy keep  
Descry it, there or yonder.  
O, he who 'd bring it to my sight,  
Or were he knave, or were he knight,  
Should be my friend forever!

## THE ROSE.

I blossom bright thy lattice near,  
And hear what thou hast spoken;



'T is me, — brave, ill-starred cavalier, —  
The Rose, thou wouldst betoken !  
Thy spirit spurns the base, the low,  
And 't is the queen of flowers, I know,  
That in thy bosom reigneth.

## THE EARL.

All honor to thy purple cheer,  
From swathes of verdure blowing;  
Well may'st thou be to maidens dear,  
As gold or jewels glowing.  
Thy wreaths adorn the fairest face,  
Yet art thou not the flower, whose grace  
In solitude I pine for.

## THE LILY.

A haughty place usurps the rose,  
And haughtier still doth covet ;  
But where the Lily meekly blows,  
Some gentle eye will love it.  
The heart that 's warm and fond and true,  
And pure as mine, when bathed in dew,  
Must value me the highest.

## THE EARL.

Ah, pure and true of heart am I,  
And free from sinful failing,

Yet must I here a captive lie,  
My loneliness bewailing.  
I see the symbol fair in you  
Of many maidens pure and true,  
Yet know a something dearer.

## THE CARNATION.

That may thy warder's garden show  
In me, the bright Carnation,  
Else would the old man tend me so  
With loving adoration?  
In perfect round my petals meet,  
And lifelong are with scent replete,  
And with the loveliest color.

## THE EARL.

The sweet carnation none may slight,  
It is the gardener's pleasure;  
Now he unfolds it to the light,  
Now shields from it his treasure.  
But no, — the flower for which I pant,  
No rare, no brilliant charms can vaunt,  
'Tis ever meek and lowly.

## THE VIOLET.

Concealed and drooping I retreat,  
Nor willingly had spoken,

But now my silence, since 't is meet,  
It shall at length be broken.  
If I be that which fills thy thought,  
How must I grieve, that I may not  
To thee waft all my odors !

## THE EARL.

I love the violet, indeed,  
So modest in perfection,  
So gently sweet, — yet more I need,  
To soothe my heart's dejection.  
To thee alone the truth I'll speak,  
Not on this rock, so bare and bleak,  
Is to be found my darling.

Earth's truest wife, in yonder glen,  
Is wandering by the river ;  
Till I, her lord, am free again,  
She'll sigh and weep forever.  
When a blue floweret by that spot  
She plucks, and says — FORGET-ME-NOT,  
Here in my cell I feel it.

Yes, when two hearts are twined, love's might  
Is felt, whate'er the distance ;

•

So I, within this dungeon's night,  
Cling ever to existence.  
And when my heart is nigh distraught,  
If I but say — FORGET-ME-NOT,  
Hope burns again within me !

### THE PARIAH.

#### THE PARIAH'S PRAYER.



HEAR me, Brama, bending lowly !  
All from thee derive their being ;  
Therefore art thou just and holy !  
Is it, Lord, of thy decreeing,  
That the Brahmins, high-estated,  
Only should thy bounty gather,  
Only dare to call thee, Father,  
When us too thou hast created ?

We are noble, Lord, in nothing !  
Woe, and want, and labor pain us ;  
What all others shun with loathing,  
Is the food that must sustain us.  
When the scorn of caste is loudest,  
All we 'd bear without repining,

Were thy face toward us shining,  
For thou canst rebuke the proudest.

Therefore, Lord, hear my entreaty !

Raise me from this foul defilement,  
Or a Saviour send, in pity,  
For the work of reconciliation.

Didst thou not a Bayaderé

Lift from wretchedness to glory ?

Yea, we Pariahs have a story,  
Giving comfort to the weary.

#### THE PARIAH'S LEGEND.

WATER from the sacred Ganges,  
To bring water from the river,  
Goes the noble Brahmin's wife.  
She was chaste, and pure, and lovely ;  
High, immaculate, and honored,  
And of sternest justice he.  
Daily from the sacred river  
Does she fetch the pleasant water ;  
Not in pitcher nor in vessel,  
For she hath no need of these.  
Rises of itself the water,  
Rolled into a ball of crystal,  
To the stainless heart and hand

(Such the power of perfect virtue,  
Innocence without a shadow),  
And she bears it to her home.

This day comes she in the morning,  
Praying, to the flood of Ganges,  
Bending lightly o'er the stream;  
There she sees, as in a mirror,  
From the heaven above reflected,  
Floating in the liquid ether,  
Such a glorious apparition!  
Image of a youth, created  
By the thought of the Almighty,  
As a form of perfect beauty.  
On the wondrous vision gazing,  
Feels she straight a new sensation  
Thrill throughout her inmost being,  
Fascinated still she lingers,  
Lingers with a secret longing;  
Wishes it would pass, but ever  
Floats the image back again.  
In amazement, in confusion,  
Stoops she to the flowing Ganges,  
Trying, with her trembling fingers,  
From the stream a ball to fashion.

But alas, the spell is broken !  
For the holy water shuns her,  
Seems to shrink as she approaches,  
Whirling swiftly from her hands.

Nerveless drop her arms, she totters ;  
Scarce her fainting limbs can bear her,  
Scarce she knows the pathway homewards ;  
Shall she fly, or shall she tarry ?  
Thought forsakes her ; help and counsel  
Are to her that day denied.

So she comes before her husband.  
And he looks, — his look is judgment !  
Silently the sword he seizes,  
Leads her to the hill of terrors,  
Where adulterers meet their doom.  
How can she, the wife, resist him ?  
What extenuation offer,  
Guilty, knowing not her crime ?

With the bloody sword yet dripping,  
Homeward to his silent dwelling  
Went the inexorable man.  
Then his son came forth to meet him, —  
“ Whose that blood ? O father, father ! ”

“Blood of an adulteress !” “Never !  
On the blade it has not stiffened,  
As adulterous blood would do.  
Fresh as from the wound ’t is running.  
Mother, mother ! O come hither !  
Unjust was my father never,  
What is this that he hath done ?”

“Boy, be silent ! *hers* the blood is !”  
“Whose ?” “Be silent !” “O my mother !  
Is it then my mother’s blood ?  
What’s her crime ? I will be answered !  
Say, what evil hath she done ?  
Here, — the sword ! — Lo, now I grasp it !  
Thou mightst slay thy wife unchallenged,  
But my mother shalt thou not !  
Wives through fire their husbands follow,  
Children must avenge their mothers !  
As the flames unto the widow,  
Is the sword unto the son !”

“Hold thy hand !” exclaimed the father,  
“Yet there’s time ; O hasten, hasten ;  
Join the head unto the body,  
Touch it with the sword of vengeance,  
And she ’ll follow thee alive !”



Rushing, breathless, — what beholds he,  
Stretched upon the hill of terror?  
Bodies of two slaughtered women,  
And their heads are lying near.

Half distracted, blind, and dizzy,  
His dear mother's head he seizes,  
Does not even stay to kiss it,  
Joins it to the nearest body :  
Pointing then the sword of vengeance,  
Piously completes the spell.

Riseth straight a ghastly figure !  
From the dear lips of his mother,  
Sweet as ever, nowise altered,  
Comes this terrible bewail :

“ Son, O son ! what fatal rashness !  
Yonder lies thy mother's body,  
Near it is the head polluted  
Of a wretched woman, victim  
To the just avenging sword.  
Me hast thou in hideous union  
Blent forever with her body !  
Wise in will, but wild in doing,  
Must I move among the spirits.

Yea, that godlike apparition,  
Which the eye might blameless look on,  
Which the brain might blameless think on,  
To the heart becomes a torment,  
Stirring passionate desire !

“ Still that image must beset me !  
Sometimes rising, sometimes falling,  
Sometimes bright, and sometimes darkened,  
Such is mighty Brama's will.  
He it was who sent the vision,  
Floating on its angel pinions,  
Radiant face and form so graceful,  
God-created in its beauty,  
For my trial and temptation ;  
Since from heaven we may be tempted,  
If the Gods decree it so.  
So must I, a sad Brahmina,  
With my head to heaven pertaining,  
Feel the gross and earthly passion  
Of the Pariah evermore !

“ Go, my son, unto thy father !  
Be of comfort ! Let no penance,  
Dull remorse, or hope of merit,  
Through a weary expiation,

Drive him to the wilderness.  
Go ye forth among the people,  
And, so long as speech remaineth,  
Tell, O tell the meanest creature,  
That him also Brama hears !

“ For with Him there is no meanness,  
In His sight are all men equal.  
Be he leper, be he outcast,  
Be he sunk in want and sorrow,  
Be he desolate, heart-broken,  
Be he Brahmin, be he Pariah, —  
Whosoever prays for mercy,  
He shall have it, he shall find it,  
When he turns his face to heaven.  
Thousand eyes are watching yonder,  
Thousand ears are ever listening,  
Everything to God is known.

“ When I pass before his footstool,  
Me beholding, thus distorted  
By a vile transfiguration,  
Surely will the Father pity.  
Yet my curse may be a blessing,  
Unto you, my son, and many.

For, in humble adoration,  
Meekly shall I strive to utter,  
What the higher sense inspires ;  
Then, in frenzied adjuration,  
Shall I tell him all the passion  
That is raging in this bosom.  
Thought and impulse, will and weakness, —  
Mystery of mysteries ! ”


THE PARIAH'S THANKSGIVING.

MIGHTY Brama ! I adore thee,  
Maker thou of all creation ;  
And I dare to come before thee,  
With my lowly supplication.

No respect for race thou showest,  
Giving unto each a token,  
E'en to us, the meanest, lowest,  
Are the words of comfort spoken.

Thou hast heard that woman's story,  
Thou hast heard her cruel sentence.  
Lord ! that art enshrined in glory,  
Look in mercy on repentance !

## AN AUTUMN NIGHT'S DREAM.

OME, list, and a tale of a Count I will  
sing,

Who dwelt in the castle up here, sirs,  
Where to-night the old rafters so merrily ring,  
As we taste of his grandson's good cheer, sirs.  
The Count had been long in the Saracen land,  
And well knew the Moslem his terrible brand ;  
When he sprung from his steed at his gateway,  
and scanned

The home of his fathers, the walls they were  
there,

But of servants and furniture empty and bare.

“So, so ! my good Count, now you're fairly  
at home,

Matters look rather chilly and scowling ;  
The winds at their will through the casements  
roam,

From chamber to corridor howling.

A cheery look out on a wild autumn night !

Well ! I've spent many such in more dolorous  
plight,

But still came the morning, and all was made  
right ! ”

So down on a truckle he laid him, and  
soon

He was drooping to sleep by the light of the  
moon.

For a while all was silent ; but hark ! what is  
that ?

Like a scratching his truckle-bed under !

“ O, it ’s only the stir of some foraging rat ;

If he hunts up a crumb there, I ’ll wonder.”

But ha ! at the feet of the travel-tired knight,

What is standing now ? Lo ! ’t is the tiniest  
wight,

A smart little dwarf, with a lamp for a light,

Long beard, and keen eyes, with a glitter-  
ing gleam !

The Count, if he sleeps not, to slumber doth  
seem.

“ To sport it up here we have always been free

Since the place was deserted by you so,

And thinking you still were abroad, sir, why, we

Had intended this evening to do so.

And with your permission, our people will  
bring

To this hall, which is spacious enough for a ring,  
The bonny wee bride that has wedded our  
king ! ”

“ The hall ’s at your service, my small friend,  
for me ! ”

Said the Count, dreaming on in a quaint  
reverie.

Then into the chamber, from under the bed,  
Three cavaliers mounted came prancing,  
And behind them a troop of small elfin-folk  
sped,

To fife and to clarion dancing ;  
Then carriage on carriage, with trappings so  
gay —

You only will see such a princely array,  
At a great monarch’s court on some festival  
day.

At last came the bride in a carriage of sheen,  
Encircled by nobles escorting their Queen.

Now off through the hall they all scamper, and  
there

In a twinkling they ’re stationed around it ;

So ready 's each dwarf with his Liliput fair,  
To frisk it, and foot it, and bound it.  
Then the fiddling, and fising, and strumming  
begin,  
Such whirling, and twirling, and skirling, and  
din,  
Such giggling, and wriggling, through thick  
and through thin!  
The Count, as he looks from his truckle by  
fits,  
Believes he must surely be losing his wits.

And now come a patter, and clatter, and roar  
Of chairs, and of tables, and benches,  
And each manikin straight, for the banquet in  
store,  
By his sweetheart his small self intrenches.  
Then in come the sausage, the ham, and the  
chine,  
Roast-meat, fish, and fowl, all so small and so  
fine,  
And round and round circles the best of old  
wine ;  
They rattle and prattle for ever so long,  
Then all disappear with a chorus of song.



And if I'm to tell what further befell,  
A truce to your shouting and laughter !  
What the Count saw in little enacted so well,  
He largely partook of thereafter ;  
The trumpets, the singing, the festival gay,  
The coaches, the horsemen, the bridal array,  
The crowds of blithe vassals all thronging to  
pay  
To the bride her due honor ; it was so of  
old,  
And the same we were gladdened this day  
to behold.

## THE KING IN THULE.



KING there was in Thule,  
Kept troth unto the grave ;  
The maid he loved so truly  
A goblet to him gave.

And ever set before him  
At banquet was the cup ;  
And saddening thoughts came o'er him  
Whene'er he took it up.

When Death with him had spoken,  
His treasures ranged he there,  
And all, save one dear token,  
He gifted to his heir.

Once more to royal wassail  
His peers he summoned all;  
Around were knight and vassal  
Thronged in his father's hall.

Then rose the grand old Rover,  
Again the cup drained he,  
And bravely flung it over  
Into the weltering sea.

He saw it flashing, falling,  
And settling in the main,  
Heard Death unto him calling —  
He never drank again!

#### ECKART THE TRUSTY.



OW dark it is growing, — I wish we  
were back!

They are coming, they're here, the  
hobgoblins, alack!

The band of the Sorceress Sisters !  
See, see, where they come ! If they light on  
us here,  
They 'll be certain to drink every drop of the  
beer  
It has cost us such trouble to fetch here."

So saying, the children push on in affright,  
When up from the heath starts a grizzly old  
wight.

"Stop, stop, child ! — my children, be quiet !  
They are thirsty and hot, for they come from  
the chase,  
Let them drink what they like without squall  
or grimace,  
And the Grewsome Ones they will be gra-  
cious."

And up come the goblins that moment, and  
they  
Look ghostlike and grewsome, and ghastly and  
gray,  
Yet they revel and riot it roundly.  
The beer it has vanished, the pitchers are  
bare,

Then whooping and hooting away through the  
air,  
O'er hill and dale clatter the Weird Ones.

Off homeward, all quaking, the children they  
hied,  
And the kindly old greybeard troops on by their  
side.

“Do not weep so and whimper, my dar-  
lings.”

“They'll scold us and beat us for this.”  
“Never fear,

All yet will go famously well with the beer,  
If you'll only be mum as young mice, dears.

“Mind you follow my bidding, and surely you  
may,  
I am he who delights with small children to  
play :

You know me — Old Eckart the Trusty.  
Of that wonderful wight you've heard many a  
lay,  
But never had proof what he is till to-day:  
Now you hold in your hands a most rare  
one.”

Arrived at their home, each small child, with  
a face

Of terror, his pitcher sets down in its place,  
And waits to be beaten and scolded.

When the old folks they sip : " O, what excellent beer ! "

Three, four times they take a strong pull at  
the cheer,

Yet still do the pitchers brim over.

The miracle lasted that night and next day ;  
And if you should ask, as you very well may,  
What became in the end of the pitchers,  
The little mice titter, enjoying the joke,  
But at length, sirs, they stammered and stut-  
tered and spoke,  
And the pitchers immediately dried up !

And, children, if e'er, looking kindly and true,  
An old man, or father, or master teach you,  
Give heed, and do all that he bids you.  
Though to bridle your tongues it may cost you  
some pain,  
Yet to chatter is bad, to be silent is gain,  
And it makes the beer brim in the pitchers !

## MIGNON.



NOWEST thou the land where the pale  
citron blows,  
And the gold orange through dark  
foliage glows ?

A soft wind flutters from the deep-blue sky,  
The myrtle blooms, and towers the laurel high.  
Knowest thou it well ?

O there with thee !

O that I might, my own beloved one, flee !

Knowest thou the house ? On pillars rest its  
beams,

Bright is its hall, in light one chamber gleams,  
And marble statues stand, and look on me, —  
What have they done, thou hapless child, to  
thee ?

Knowest thou it well ?

O there with thee !

O that I might, my loved protector, flee !

Knowest thou the tract that o'er the mountain  
goes,

Where the mule threads its way through mist  
 and snows,  
 Where dwelt in caves the dragon's ancient  
 brood,  
 Topples the crag, and o'er it roars the flood?  
 Knowest thou it well?  
 O come with me!  
 There lies our road, — O, father, let us flee!

THE ARTIST'S MORNING SONG.



Y dwelling is the Muses' home, —

What matters it how small?

And here, within my heart, is set  
 The holiest place of all.

When, wakened by the early sun,  
 I rise from slumbers sound,  
 I see the ever-living forms  
 In radiance grouped around.

I pray, and songs of thanks and praise  
 Are more than half my prayer,  
 With simple notes of music, tuned  
 To some harmonious air.

I bow before the altar then,  
And read, as well I may,  
From noble Homer's master-work,  
The lesson for the day.

He takes me to the furious fight,  
Where lion-warriors throng ;  
Where god-descended heroes whirl  
In iron cars along.

And steeds go down before the cars ;  
And round the cumbered wheel  
Both friend and foe are rolling now,  
All blood from head to heel !

Then comes the champion of them all,  
Pelides' friend is he,  
And crashes through the dense array,  
Though thousands ten they be !

And ever smites that fiery sword  
Through helmet, shield, and mail,  
Until he falls, by craft divine,  
Where might could not prevail.

Down from the glorious pile he rolls,  
Which he himself had made,



And foemen trample on the limbs  
From which they shrank afraid.

Then start I up, with arms in hand,  
What arms the painter bears ;  
And soon along my kindling wall  
The fight at Troy appears.

On ! on again ! The wrath is here  
Of battle rolling red ;  
Shield strikes on shield, and sword on helm,  
And dead men fall on dead !

I throng into the inner press,  
Where loudest rings the din ;  
For there, around their hero's corpse,  
Fight on his furious kin !

A rescue ! rescue ! bear him hence  
Into the leaguer near ;  
Pour balsam in his glorious wounds,  
And weep above his bier !

And when from that hot trance I pass,  
Great Love, I feel thy charm ;

There hangs my lady's picture near, —  
A picture, yet so warm !

How fair she was, reclining there ;  
What languish in her look !  
How thrilled her glance through all my frame,  
The very pencil shook.

Her eyes, her cheeks, her lovely lips,  
Were all the world to me ;  
And in my breast a younger life  
Rose wild and wantonly.

O, turn again, and bide thee here,  
Nor fear such rude alarms ;  
How could I think of battles more  
With thee within my arms !

But thou shall lend thy perfect form  
To all I fashion best ;  
I'll paint thee first, Madonna-wise,  
The infant on thy breast.

I'll paint thee as a startled nymph,  
Myself a following faun ;

And still pursue thy flying feet  
Across the woodland lawn.

With helm on head, like Mars, I'll lie  
By thee, the Queen of Love,  
And draw a net around us twain,  
And smile on heaven above :

And every god that comes shall pour  
His blessings on thy head,  
And envious eyes be far away  
From that dear marriage-bed !

## THE HAPPY PAIR.



T came and went so lightly,  
That pleasant summer rain ;  
Now see, dear wife, how brightly  
Laughs out our own domain.  
Far, far into the distance  
The eager eye can roam,  
But here is true existence,  
And here a happy home.

Down fly the pigeons cooing,  
The pretty graceful things !

So gentle in their wooing,  
Beside the fairy springs,  
Where, gathering flowers together,  
A garland first I wove,  
In bright and sunny weather,  
For thee, my only love !

Another wreath I plaited,  
As well rememberest thou,  
That day when we were mated,  
And took the happy vow.  
The world was all before us,  
To make or choose our way ;  
And years have stolen o'er us,  
Since that most blessed day.

The vow which then was spoken,  
A thousand times we 've sealed,  
By many a tender token,  
In thicket and in field ;  
On Alpine heights we 've tarried,  
Together still were we ;  
Yea, Love for us hath carried  
His torch across the sea.

Contented and caressing,  
What could we wish for more ?

God sent a greater blessing,  
We counted three and four ;  
Two more have joined the party,  
The little prattling elves !  
But now they 're strong and hearty,  
And taller than ourselves.

That story needs no telling ;  
I see you looking down  
On yonder new-built dwelling,  
Amid the poplars brown.  
May all good angels guide him !  
For there our eldest sits,  
His winsome wife beside him,  
Our own beloved Fritz.

How pleasant is the clatter,  
'T is like a measured reel,  
As yonder falling water  
Goes foaming o'er the wheel !  
In many a song and ditty,  
Are millers' wives called fair ;  
But none are half so pretty  
As our dear daughter there.

Ah yes ! I do not wonder  
Your eye should rest, e'en now,

Upon the hillock yonder,  
Where dark the fir-trees grow.  
There lie our babes together,  
Beneath the daisied sod;  
But they have seen Our Father,  
And pray for us to God!

Look up! look up! for, glancing,  
The glint of arms appears;  
And sound of music dancing,  
Strikes full upon my ears!  
With trophies carried o'er them,  
In freedom's battle won,  
Who walks so proud before them?  
'T is Carl! it is my son!

The Rose he loves so dearly  
Is blushing on his breast —  
O wife! what follows nearly?  
Our hero's marriage-feast!  
Methinks I see the wedding,  
The dancers and the glee,  
And merriest measure treading,  
Our youngest children three!

The happy faces round us  
Will then recall the tide,

The blessed day that bound us  
As bridegroom and as bride.  
Nay, tarry here and listen!  
Ere yet the year is done,  
Our good old priest shall christen  
A grandchild and a son.

THE YOUTH AND THE MILL-  
STREAM.

YOUTH.



PRETTY brooklet, gayly glancing  
In the morning sun,  
Why so joyous in thy dancing?  
Whither dost thou run?  
What is 't lures thee to the vale?  
Tell me, if thou hast a tale.

BROOK.

Youth! I was a brooklet lately,  
Wandering at my will;  
Then I might have moved sedately;  
Now, to yonder mill,  
Must I hurry, swift and strong,  
Therefore do I race along.

## YOUTH.

Brooklet, happy in thy duty,  
Nathless thou art free ;  
Knowest not the power of beauty  
That enchaineth me !  
Looks the miller's comely daughter  
Ever kindly on thy water ?

## BROOK.

Early comes she every morning,  
From some blissful dream ;  
And, so sweet in her adorning,  
Bends above my stream.  
Then her bosom, white as snow,  
Makes my chilly waters glow.

## YOUTH.

If her beauty brings such gladness,  
Brooklet, unto thee,  
Marvel not if I to madness  
Should enflaméd be.  
O that I could hope to move her !  
Once to see her is to love her.



## BROOK.

Then careering, — ah, so proudly !  
Rush I o'er the wheel,  
And the merry mill speaks loudly,  
All the joy I feel.  
Show me but the miller's daughter,  
And more swiftly flows my water.

## YOUTH.

Nay, but, brooklet, tell me truly,  
Feelest thou no pain,  
When she smiles, and bids thee duly  
Go, nor turn again ?  
Hath that simple smile no cunning,  
Brook, to stay thee in thy running ?


## BROOK.

Hard it is to lose her shadow,  
Hard to pass away ;  
Slowly, sadly, down the meadow,  
Uninspired I stray.  
O, if I might have my will,  
Back to her I'd hasten still !

## YOUTH.

Brook! my love thou comprehendest;  
Fare-thee-well awhile;  
One day, when thou hither wendest,  
May'st thou see me smile.  
Go, and in thy gentlest fashion  
Tell that maiden all my passion.

## THE CHURCH WINDOW.


HE Minster window, richly glowing,  
With many a gorgeous stain and dye,  
Itself a parable, is showing  
The might, the power of Poesy.

Look on it from the outer square,  
And it is only dark and dreary;  
Your blockhead always views it there,  
And swears its aspect makes him weary.


But enter once the holy portal —  
What splendor bursts upon the eye!  
There symbols, deeds, and forms immortal  
Are blazing forth in majesty.

Be thankful you, who have the gift  
To read and feel each sacred story;  
And O, be reverent, when you lift  
Your eyes to look on heavenly glory!

## RETRIBUTION.

E that with tears did never eat his bread,  
He that hath never lain through  
night's long hours,  
Weeping in bitter anguish on his bed, —  
He knows ye not, ye dread celestial powers.  
Ye lead us onwards into life. Ye leave  
The wretch to fall; then yield him up, in woe,  
Remorse, and pain, unceasingly to grieve;  
For every sin is punished here below.

## THE WEDDING FEAST.

HANCED to walk, not long ago,  
Into the village down below;  
The people all were gayly drest,  
They told me 't was a marriage feast.

Within the dancing-room I found  
Some sixty couples whirling round;  
Each lass supported by her lad,  
And every face was blithe and glad.

“A happy day, indeed!” I cried;  
“But tell me, which may be the bride?”  
The bumpkin answered, with a stare, —  
“Lord, sir! I neither know nor care!

“Three nights have we been dancing here,  
And tasting of her wedding cheer;  
I merely came for fun and drinking,  
About the bride I’ve not been thinking!”

If every man would speak the truth  
As freely as this honest youth,  
His case would not — so pondered I —  
Betoken singularity.

#### COPTIC SONG.



OWE'ER they may wrangle, your pun-  
dits and sages,  
And love of contention infects all the  
breed,


All the philosophers, search through all ages,  
Join with one voice in the following creed :  
Fools from their folly 't is hopeless to stay !  
Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulish-  
ness ;  
Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolish-  
ness,  
What from an ass can be got but a bray ?

When Merlin I questioned, the old Necro-  
mancer,  
As haloed with light in his coffin he lay,  
I got from the wizard a similar answer,  
And thus ran the burden of what he did say :  
Fools from their folly 't is hopeless to stay !  
Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulish-  
ness ;  
Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolish-  
ness,  
What from an ass can be got but a bray ?

And up on the wind-swept peaks of Armenia,  
And down in the depths far hid from the day,  
Of the temples of Egypt and old Abyssinia,  
This, and but this, was the gospel alway :


Fools from their folly 't is hopeless to stay !  
Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulish-  
ness ;  
Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolish-  
ness,  
What from an ass can be got but a bray ?

### ANACREON'S GRAVE.

 HERE the rose is fresh and blooming,  
where the vine and myrtle spring,  
Where the turtle-dove is cooing,  
where the gay cicalas sing,  
Whose may be the grave surrounded with such  
store of comely grace,  
Like a God-created garden ? 'T is Anacreon's  
resting-place.  
Spring and summer and the autumn poured  
their gifts around the bard,  
And, ere winter came to chill him, sound he  
slept beneath the sward.



## THE CHINAMAN IN ROME.

N Rome I saw a stranger from Pekin :  
Uncouth and heavy to his eye appeared  
The mingled piles of old and modern  
time.

“ Alas ! ” he said, “ what wretched taste is  
here !

When will they learn to stretch the airy roof  
On light pilastered shafts of varnished wood, —  
Gain the fine sense, and educated eye,  
Which only finds in lacquer, carvings quaint,  
And variegated tintings, pure delight ? ”  
Hearing these words, unto myself I said,  
“ Behold the type of many a moon-struck bard,  
Who vaunts his tissue, woven of a dream,  
'Gainst Nature's tapestry, that lasts for aye,  
Proclaims as sick the truly sound ; and this,  
That he, the truly sick, may pass for sound ! ”



## PERFECT BLISS.



ALL the divine perfections, which, while  
ere

Nature in thrift doled out 'mongst  
many a fair,

She showered with open hand, thou peerless  
one, on thee !

And she that was so wondrously endowed,  
To whom a throng of noble knees were bowed,  
Gave all,— Love's perfect gift,— her glorious  
self, to me !

## THE HUSBANDMAN.



LIGHTLY doth the furrow fold the  
golden grain within its breast,  
Deeper shroud, old man, shall cover in  
thy limbs when laid at rest.

Blithely plough, and sow as blithely ! Here are  
springs of mortal cheer,  
And when e'en the grave is closing, Hope is  
ever standing near.



## THE BROTHERS.



LUMBER, Sleep, — they were two  
brothers, servants to the Gods  
above;

Kind Prometheus lured them downward, ever  
filled with earthly love;

But what Gods could bear so lightly, pressed  
too hard on men beneath;

Slumber did his brother's duty, — Sleep was  
deepened into Death.

## LOVE'S HOUR-GLASS.



ROS ! wherefore do I see thee, with the  
glass in either hand ?

Fickle God ! with double measure  
wouldst thou count the shifting  
sand ?

“ *This* one flows for parted lovers, — slowly  
drops each tiny bead, —

*That* is for the days of dalliance, and it melts  
with golden speed.”

## THE SWISS ALP.



ESTERDAY thy head was brown as are  
the flowing locks of love,  
In the bright blue sky I watched thee  
towering, giant-like, above.  
Now thy summit, white and hoary, glitters all  
with silver snow,  
Which the stormy night hath shaken from its  
robes upon thy brow ;  
And I know that youth and age are bound with  
such mysterious meaning,  
As the days are linked together, one short dream  
but intervening.

## MARRIAGE UNEQUAL.



LAS, that even in a heavenly marriage,  
The fairest lots should ne'er be rec-  
onciled !  
Psyche waxed old, and prudent in her carriage,  
Whilst Cupid evermore remains the child.



“In the bright blue sky I watched thee.”





## THE NEW LOVE.



LOVE, not the simple youth that whilom  
wound

Himself about young Psyche's heart,  
looked round

Olympus with a cold and roving eye,  
That had accustomed been to victory.  
It rested on a goddess, noblest far  
Of all that noble throng, — a glorious star, —  
Venus Urania. And from that hour  
He loved her. Ah! to his resistless power  
Even she, the holy one, did yield at last,  
And in his daring arms he held her fast.  
A new and beauteous Love from that embrace  
Had birth, which to the mother owed his grace  
And purity of soul, whilst from his sire  
He borrowed all his passion, all his fire.  
Him ever, where the gracious Muses be,  
Thou 'lt surely find. Such sweet society  
Is his delight, and his sharp-pointed dart  
Doth rouse within men's breasts the love of Art.



## HOLY FAMILY.



CHILD of beauty rare  
O mother chaste and fair —  
How happy seem they both, so far  
beyond compare!

She, in her infant blest,  
And he in conscious rest,  
Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her  
breast!

What joy that sight might bear  
To him who sees them there,  
If, with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye,  
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph stand-  
ing by.

## THE MODERN AMADIS.



HEY kept me guarded close, while yet  
A little tiny elf,  
And so I sat, and did beget  
A world within myself,  
All I cared to see.

Golden fancy then unfurled  
Endless sights to me,  
And a gallant knight I grew ;  
Like the Prince Pipi,  
Roamed throughout the world.

Many a crystal palace saw,  
Many overthrew ;  
My far-flashing falchion hurled,  
Through the dragon's maw.  
Ha ! then I was a man !

Next I freed in knightly wise  
The Princess Periban ;  
O, the wonder of her eyes,  
Smiling, as I wooed  
Her with hearted sighs !

Her kiss, it was ambrosial food,  
Glowed like noble wine ;  
With love, O, I was almost dead !  
A golden haze divine  
She around her shed.

Who has torn her from my sight ?  
Can no spell delay

That dear vision, stay her flight?  
Where her home, O, say?  
And thither, which the way?

### THE WILD ROSE.



BOY espied, in morning light,  
A little rosebud blowing;  
'T was so delicate and bright,  
That he came to feast his sight,  
And wonder at its growing.  
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
Rosebud brightly blowing!

"I will gather thee," he cried,  
"Rosebud brightly blowing!"  
"Then I 'll sting thee," it replied,  
"And you 'll quickly start aside,  
With the prickle glowing."  
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
Rosebud brightly blowing!

But he plucked it from the plain,  
The rosebud brightly blowing!



It turned and stung him, but in vain, —  
He regarded not the pain,  
Homewards with it going.  
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
Rosebud brightly blowing!

## TREASURE TROVE.



THROUGH the forest idly,  
As my steps I bent,  
With a free and happy heart,  
Singing as I went,

Cowering in the shade I  
Did a floweret spy,  
Bright as any star in heaven,  
Sweet as any eye.

Down to pluck it stooping,  
Thus to me it said,  
“Wherefore pluck me only  
To wither and to fade?”

Up with its roots I dug it,  
I bore it as it grew,

And in my garden-plot at home  
I planted it anew ;

All in a still and shady place,  
Beside my home so dear,  
And now it thanks me for my pains,  
And blossoms all the year.

### WHO 'LL BUY A CUPID ?



Q' all the wares so pretty  
That come into the city,  
There's none are so delicious,  
There's none are half so precious,  
As those which we are bringing.  
O, listen to our singing !  
Young loves to sell ! young loves to sell !  
My pretty loves who 'll buy ?

First look you at the oldest,  
The wantonest, the boldest !  
So loosely goes he hopping,  
From tree and thicket dropping,  
Then flies aloft as sprightly —

We dare but praise him lightly !  
The fickle rogue ! Young loves to sell !  
My pretty loves who 'll buy ?

Now see this little creature, —  
How modest seems his feature !  
He nestles so demurely,  
You 'd think him safer surely ;  
And yet for all his shyness  
There 's danger in his slyness  
The cunning rogue ! Young loves to sell !  
My pretty loves who 'll buy ?

O come and see this lovelet,  
This little turtle-dovelet !  
The maidens that are neatest,  
The tenderest and sweetest,  
Should buy it to amuse 'em,  
And nurse it in their bosom.  
The little pet ! Young loves to sell !  
My pretty loves who 'll buy ?

We need not bid you buy them,  
They 're here, if you will try them.  
They like to change their cages ;

But for their proving sages  
No warrant will we utter —  
They all have wings to flutter.  
The pretty things ! Young loves to sell !  
Such beauties ! Come and buy !

### FROM THE MOUNTAIN.



F I, my own dear Lili, loved thee not,  
How should I joy to view this scene  
so fair !

And yet if I, sweet Lili, loved thee not,  
Should I be happy here or anywhere ?

### HUNTSMAN'S EVENING SONG.



N silence sad, from heath to hill  
With rifle slung I glide,  
But thy dear shape, it haunts me still,  
It hovers by my side.

Across the brook, and past the mill,  
I watch thee gayly fleet ;

Ah, does one shape, that ne'er is still,  
E'er cross thy fancy, sweet?

'T is his, who, tortured by unrest,  
Roams ever to and fro,  
Now ranging east, now ranging west,  
Since forced from thee to go.

And yet at times the thought of thee,  
Like moonlight in a dream,  
Doth bring, I know not how, to me  
Content and peace supreme.

## FIRST LOVE.



HO will bring me back the days,  
So beautiful, so bright!  
Those days when love first bore my  
heart  
Aloft on pinions light?  
O who will bring me but an hour  
Of that delightful time,  
And wake in me again the power  
That fired my golden prime?

I nurse my wound in solitude,  
I sigh the livelong day,  
And mourn the joys, in wayward mood,  
That now are passed away.  
O who will bring me back the days  
Of that delightful time,  
And wake in me again the blaze  
That fired my golden prime?

## SEPARATION.



THINK of thee whene'er the sun is  
glowing  
Upon the lake;  
Of thee, when in the crystal fountain flowing  
The moonbeams shake.

I see thee when the wanton wind is busy,  
And dust-clouds rise;  
In the deep night, when o'er the bridge so dizzy  
The wanderer hies.

I hear thee when the waves, with hollow roar-  
ing,

Gush forth their fill;  
Often along the heath I go exploring,  
When all is still.

I am with thee ! Though far thou art and dark-  
ling,  
Yet art thou near.  
The sun goes down, the stars will soon be spark-  
ling, —  
O, wert thou here !

## THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.



P yonder on the mountain  
I dwelt for days together :  
Looked down into the valley, & :  
This pleasant summer weather.

My sheep go feeding onward,  
My dog sits watching by ;  
I've wandered to the valley,  
And yet I know not why.

The meadow it is pretty,  
With flowers so fair to see ;


I gather them, but no one  
Will take the flowers from me.

The good tree gives me shadow,  
And shelter from the rain ;  
But yonder door is silent,  
It will not ope again !

I see the rainbow bending  
Above her old abode,  
But she is there no longer ;  
They 've ta'en my love abroad.

They took her o'er the mountains,  
They took her o'er the sea ;  
Move on, move on, my bonny sheep,  
There is no rest for me !

### TO THE MOON.

 LOODED are the brakes and dell  
With thy phantom light,  
And my soul receives the spell  
Of thy mystic might.



“Flooded are the brakes and dell  
With thy phantom light.”





To the meadow dost thou send  
Something of thy grace,  
Like the kind eye of a friend,  
Beaming on my face.

Echoes of departed times  
Vibrate in mine ear,  
Joyous, sad, like spirit-chimes,  
As I wander here.

Flow, flow on, thou little brook ;  
Ever onward go !  
Trusted heart, and tender look,  
Left me even so.

Richer treasure earth has none  
Than I once possessed, —  
Ah, so rich, that when 't was gone,  
Worthless was the rest.

Little brook ! adown the vale  
Rush, and take my song ;  
Give it passion, give it wail,  
As thou leap'st along.


Sound it in the winter night,  
When thy streams are full ;

Murmur it when skies are bright,  
Mirrored in the pool.

Happiest he of all created,  
Who the world can shun,  
Not in hate, and yet unhated ;  
Sharing thought with none,

Save one faithful friend ; revealing,  
To his kindly ear,  
Thoughts like these, which, o'er me stealing,  
Make the night so drear.

### THE SPIRIT'S GREETING.

IGH on the beetling turret old,  
The hero's ghost doth stand,  
And blesses thus the galley bold,  
Is sailing from the strand.

“ Lo, once these sinews were as steel,  
This heart beat wild and high,  
In field and fight the foremost knight,  
My cup was never dry.

“One half my life was storm and strife,  
One half was peaceful ease;  
And thou, thou tiny mortal bark,  
Sail gladly with the breeze !”

## THE BLISS OF ABSENCE.



IS sweet for him, the livelong day that  
lies,  
Wrapt in the heaven of his dear lady's  
eyes,

Whose dreams her image blesseth evermore.  
Love knoweth not a sharper joy than this,  
Yet greater, purer, nobler is the bliss,  
To be afar from her whom we adore !

Distance and Time, eternal powers, that be  
Still, like the stars, o'erruling secretly,  
Cradle this tempest of the blood to peace.  
Calm grows my soul, and calmer every hour,  
Yet daily feels my heart a springing power,  
And daily finds my happiness increase.

All times she lives within my heart and brain,  
Yet can I think of her without a pain,

My spirit soars alway serene and free,  
And, by the strength of its divine emotion,  
Transforms its love to all a saint's devotion,  
Refines desire into Idolatry.

The lightest cloudlet that doth fleck the sky,  
And floats along the sunshine airily,  
More lightly in its beauty floateth never,  
Than doth my heart, with tranquil joy elate,  
By fear untouched, for jealousy too great,  
I love, O yes, I love — I love her ever !









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